The Nation.

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The Week.

"Great Father in Heaven," was Speaker Cannon's pious exclamation when, after the conference at Oyster Bay on Monday, he denied that there was any thought of considering tariff revision. The Republicans have decided, then, not only to "stand pat" on the record of the Roosevelt Administration and of Congress, but also on the tariff. From one point of view, this policy is wise; for the most partisan Democrat must admit that Congress accomplished a great deal. On the other hand, the stump-speakers will have hard work to confine themselves wholly to the past and make no promises for the future. This proposed programme of looking backward will have a chilling effect in Massachusetts and in other places where Republicans are uneasy over tariff iniquities. If the Opposition seizes this opportunity to talk about the things concerning which the Republican leaders wish to remain silent, this latest capitulation to the protected interests will make votes for Democratic Congressmen. People are beginning to feel that brute resistance to change has been carried too far; and that "revision by the friends of the tariff" is an idle phrase.

The political programme of the American Federation of Labor, published this week, cannot make the Republicans very happy. They will watch with great uneasiness the progress of the Federation's opposition to the several Republican Congressmen who figure upon its blacklist. Many Republican leaders would, of course, like to speak out frankly, to point out, for instance, the impudence of Samuel Gompers and his associates in assuming to speak in the name of American labor when they represent but one-tenth of the workingmen of the country. These Republicans dare not, for they are aware of the weaknesses in their armor. The party which, through its tariff, favors the trusts and is putting hundreds of thousands of dollars into the pockets of the manufacturers it protects, would look foolish indeed in protesting against labor bills on the ground that they are special class legislation. What is needed is a party which will administer the government in the interest of the whole nation, and not of any one set or class. From such an organization the Federation of Labor would have to listen to the plain truth. As it is, influenced by the Parliamentary success of the English labor men, it now seeks to become a great political power. There is already grave question in England whether the Labor delegation in Parliament can hold together; here the uncharted seas upon which Mr. Gompers and his fellows have set sail are even more difficult to navigate.

Secretary Shaw has handled the Panama Canal loan with much adroitness. When the loan was first authorized, many persons feared that the restrictions would endanger its success. The bonds were to bear only 2 per cent. interest; yet they must be sold at or above par. In view of the strain to which investment capital was being repeatedly subjected, and the much lower prices at which securities of other Governments were being taken, it did not appear easy to satisfy both requirements of the law. The succession of British issues for the Transvaal war during 1900, 1901, and 1902, broke the price of consols from 114 to 86, yet British consols pay 2½ per cent. The offsetting fact, in the case of our own Government bonds, was the artificial demand through compulsory use of them by national banks as security for note circulation and public deposits. But even the banks have not always been eager buyers unless the price were an inducement. Furthermore, there remained the question whether the currency might not hereafter become so glutted with new money as to discourage bank circulation, and whether disappearance of the Government's surplus revenue might not cut down the deposit of Government funds in bank. It was, moreover, evident that individuals were unlikely to bid for an investment bringing an annual return of 1½ to 2 per cent. In order to procure abundant bank subscriptions, the Treasury had, first, to show the banks the necessity of taking the new bonds, in order to enlarge circulation or get increased public deposits, and, second, to assure them that public deposits would be extended. The first purpose Mr. Shaw effected by transferring Government funds to interior banks. These institutions, in order to qualify as depositories, sent to New York to buy United States bonds, and swept the market practically bare of such securities. Then the Secretary announced that one-third of the money paid by any national bank, in subscription for the new loan, would be left in that bank as a public deposit. As a result of these tactics, the entire loan of $30,000,000 was covered by bids ranging between 103.63 and 104.36. This achievement stands quite by itself among recent operations in public finance; and it is not less noteworthy in the face of a dull and distrustful market.

Less attention seems to be given to the Pan-American Congress, which began its sessions in Rio de Janeiro Monday, than to its predecessors in Washington and Mexico City. This is partly because the first fears and hopes in connection with these conferences have proved groundless. There has been no league of American nations against Europe, as was vaguely dreaded at the first Congress, fifteen years ago. Nor, on the other hand, has there been that marked improvement of commercial and diplomatic relations which generous spirits hoped for. Thus the work and scope of the Congress have come to be discounted as pretty surely perfunctory. Still, Secretary Root may be able to accomplish something. He is eminently a man of business, and it will be interesting to see how he fares with the expansiveness, the politeness, the flowery speech, yet the indefiniteness and dilatoriness of the delegates from Spanish America. In one respect, Mr Root's long voyage can scarcely fail of result. Both at Rio and in his further travels he will have an inviting opportunity to express the good will of the United States towards the countries to the south of us, and also our desire to secure their good will in return. This policy is known to be near the Secretary's heart, and he should be able to further it while away.

Secretary Root's plan for shifting our secretaries of embassy and legation from time to time will commend itself to all save a few of those secretaries who have "soft" berths. That the diplomatic service will profit thereby is obvious; the wider the experience, the greater the usefulness of the official. There will still remain at the various legations the permanent clerical staff, conversant with the local methods of procedure and formalities, to act as advisers when new secretaries arrive, just as in the past. Moreover, the shifting of diplomats, besides increasing their versatility, invariably results in adding to their linguistic attainments. While French is still the diplomatic language, the representative who speaks the tongue of the country to which he is assigned is, in Europe at least, in a much more favorable situation than one who does not. To this change as to the others there must be the corollary of permanent service under the Government. Well qualified men can be found to endure tedious exile if they can be certain that, after giving years to the country's service, they will not be flung aside for no reason whatever.

The Philippine Government is hopeful again; it has succeeded, thanks to a

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skilful subordinate, in bringing about the surrender of the leading "ladrones" in Luzon. Incidentally, it appears for the first time that these "ladrones" were unique among thieves, in that they had formed a political organization, styled the Government of the Filipino Republic, with a president and vice-president, generals, etc. Until this surrender, the public had no idea so many formidable robbers were in the field. Even after this achievement, however, peace is not yet established in Luzon, for "Felipe Salvador and his fanatical followers" are still outstanding. In Cebu all the remaining outlaws have been brought in, together with their guns. But in Samar the attitude of the Pulajanes promises more trouble. A correspondent of the *Army and Navy Journal* says that the problem of suppressing these outlaws, without punishing the innocent, "is a puzzle not easily solved, and up to the present has baffled the most careful and deep-thinking men." The topography of the island makes it almost impossible for the troops to run the offenders down, as there are no roads, few trails, while the tall cogon grass enables the pursued to hide with the greatest ease. The Twenty-first Infantry, which is stationed there, is kept in the field steadily, but as yet with slight results. The peaceful inhabitants of the towns are represented as suffering terribly from the raids of these Pulajanes, who mutilate and torture right and left.

If justification were still required of the laws reforming insurance passed by the last Legislature, it could be found in the present condition of the insurance business and the attitude of the big companies. The figures of the 1905 report of the New York State Superintendent of Insurance, just published, show that the decrease in insurance written was no less than $151,724,854, the various companies falling behind their previous year's record by 83,376 policies. There were also 76,934 more policies terminated in 1905 than in 1904, which proves that thousands of men and women were content to pocket losses rather than remain connected with companies whose management was under suspicion. In such a juncture the gravest problem is to restore public confidence. For this purpose the provision of the statute entitling every policyholder of a year's standing to vote directly for trustees, is wise and salutary. The only question is whether the policyholders will actually succeed in exercising that power. The New York Life, as we have noted, has shown some realization of the situation by nominating a ticket that at least commands respect. The management of the Mutual, however, seems incurably obtuse or worse. If through defects in its list of policyholders filed at Albany, or through other tricks, the Peabody administration, with the backing of H. H. Rogers, thwarts the action of the policyholders, people will continue to desert it for more conservative companies.

Russell Sage had been, for more than a generation, a target of ridicule from the whole country. If he had any aspirations beyond money-getting, he did not show them to the world; any virtue beyond thrift, he did not practise it before the eyes of men. He even failed to enlist sympathy by succumbing to redeeming vices. To most people his name meant nothing but a hand to grasp and a safe to hold. Possibly he did not deserve so much opprobrium; perhaps in some corner of his heart he kept a place for generous dreams and hopes. He may have had visions of splendid charities—schools, museums, libraries, and hospitals, founded by his millions and perpetuating his name for grateful posterity. But though he had it in his power to make the visions realities within his lifetime, he never, for an instant loosened his clutch on his dollars. We must form our opinions of him on the facts as they appear. Every village has its keen money-lender, ready to screw the last cent from his neighbors, on mortgage or note. Russell Sage was this village skin-flint writ large. He operated in the market of the continent; but the magnitude of the enterprises in which he shared did not expand his soul or quicken his sense of responsibility to the community. From the individual in his grip he relentlessly exacted the pound of flesh; and he never made even a pretence of reparation in the form of public benefactions. He wanted money; he got it; he kept it. It may be well then that by a rough justice he was made the victim of squib and cartoon; for he was far from the type of an ideal citizen.

The University of Virginia has issued a statement of its growth which will delight its alumni and all interested in seeing education prosper south of Mason and Dixon's line. Primarily, its productive endowment has recently been increased forty-eight per cent., and the annual grant from the State of Virginia fifty per cent. The total available income has risen from $161,978.49 in 1904-05 to $196,539 in 1906-07, and a very considerable increase may be looked for in the near future, as the Jefferson Memorial Endowment Fund, begun in March, 1905, has passed the $850,000 mark, and will shortly be completed by the addition of $150,000 more. The teaching staff has been doubled since 1900 by the addition of nine professors, one associate professor, eight adjunct professors, and thirty-one assistants and instructors. The faculty now numbers ninety-six. In 1906-07 four new professors—of economics, chemistry, pathology, and physiology—will assume their chairs. Since the fee for Virginia academic students has been reduced, the university should have a much larger attendance. The new university commons will provide board at reasonable rates, and may in time become a Memorial Hall similar to Harvard's. Meanwhile, the graduate schools are being steadily enlarged, particularly the medical department, while the law school has just graduated the largest class in its history. In the engineering department the enrolment has grown from fifty-eight to one hundred and eighteen in three years, and the teaching force from thirteen to twenty-three. Thirty-seven States and Territories and five foreign countries were represented by the seven hundred and twenty-eight students registered in all departments of the university this year—the largest number in its history.

One of the best proofs that Yankee ingenuity is something more than an empty boast is found in the accounts which are often published of the formation of companies for out-of-the-way and novel purposes. No longer is it necessary to go to the sewing machine or the Bell telephone, or even the shoe eyelet, for inspiring examples of modest industrial projects that have brought wealth. Consider the Missouri corn-cob. At the recent convention of the Grain Dealers' National Association there were exhibited specimens of a new variety of corn, grown especially for its cobs. This represented the final stage in the development of an interesting minor industry. When an ingenious Missourian conceived the idea of supplying the whole country with cob-pipes, such as the farmers sometimes made for themselves, the corn-cob had no commercial value in the world, except as an inferior sort of fuel. Now the census gravely lists the Missouri corn-cobs—those elsewhere are still considered valueless—as worth annually $16,550. Cob-pipes were originally made from ordinary ears, but scientific agriculture set about the production of larger cobs, just the opposite of the requirement for the corn itself. The cob is alleged to have been trebled in diameter, and some Missouri farmers are said to realize now nearly as much for the cobs as the kernels. Whatever else may be said of such odd industries as this, it is an excellent thing that so many ingenious and energetic men who might be "playing the stock market" or "pushing" patent medicines and the like, are eagerly trying to make money in ways which, if successful, will add both to their wealth and that of the world.

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Alfred Beit evidently sought with Cecil Rhodes to establish the principle that South African millionaires, whether residents or absentees, shall return to that continent a large portion of the wealth they have drawn from it. In the originality of his testament, however, Mr. Belt has surpassed his old friend. This, so far as we are aware, is the first time that any one has sought to endow a railway. Revolutionary as the procedure is, it is admittedly attractive. If this plan had been adopted in the United States from the earliest days of railroading, we should have escaped some of our most trying political problems. A sufficiently endowed railroad would have no trouble about rates, for it could carry everything free or at merely nominal charges. Large shippers would neither demand nor receive rebates, and division superintendents would have no temptation to secure sudden wealth by misuse of official position. Mr. Bryan, we are sure, would withdraw his proposal of ownership by individual States in favor of the endowed railroad; there would be no more angry stockholders to pacify; no more Stock Exchange battles for the control; and the Federal Government could devote itself wholly to the task of restoring foreign confidence in our canned meats. Altogether, the world owes thanks to Mr. Beit, for showing our multi-millionaires a new way to dispose of their surplus.

German losses during the two and a half years' campaign in Southwest Africa are now known exactly from the official statistics. Altogether, 2,342 persons have perished from disease or bullets. The army proper has lost 2,120 men killed and wounded. One thousand soldiers have returned to Germany as invalids, and an equal number is still in the field hospitals. As the troops comprise not much over 15,000 men, this means that for every fifteen soldiers one is disabled by disease. Sixty-three officers and civilian officials, 102 non-commissioned officers, and 462 privates have fallen in battle. Of the 798 wounded, only 40 succumbed to their injuries, which is thought to reflect great credit upon the medical officers. The deaths by disease, 603, prove, however, that Japanese standards are by no means attained. Meanwhile, the losses steadily continue, although the collapse of the rebellion has been announced as often as our conquest of Samar. All Germany is thoroughly sick of the war, the scandals of which are proportionately greater than ours after the war with Spain. Even the army at home is disgusted; and since many time-expired men are left at the front because of the lack of proper transportation, the popular grumbling increases daily, particularly when the taxpayers study the length of the bill they have got to foot.

The *pénétration pacifique* of Morocco by the French continues steadily. In Tangier almost all the shops are in French hands and have French signs. Besides the Comité du Maroc, there are four similar associations, most of which receive aid from the French Government in their efforts at the peaceful conquest of the country. The French language is taught in Moorish and Jewish schools; German and English are seldom heard. The Jews, most of whom speak Spanish, find it easy to master the allied language of France; those Arabs who have dealings with foreigners generally know some French, occasionally a little English. In Tangier there are published daily newspapers in French, Spanish, and Arabic; and a French monthly devoted to music. The Sherif of Wasan, a sort of Mohammedan pope, whose influence extends over all of North Africa, is under French protection, and wears the legion of honor. The ports of Morocco are touched regularly by six French lines, while German steamers call much less frequently and at longer intervals. A correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* declares, in view of all these facts, that it is only a question of time when Morocco will become a French colony. He does not say "alas," for he is quite willing to let the French "burn their fingers" there. A few decades hence Germany may, he thinks, succeed France in a peaceful way, although he fails to explain how. For the present, the German programme is for Morocco to become "an international colony under the suzerainty of the Sultan, with absolutely open door."

The energy and intelligence of the Japanese are demonstrated afresh by the official statistics just published of ten years of Japanese rule in Formosa. Eleven years ago the coast was infested by pirates, while outlaws and aboriginal tribes made the interior dangerous. The Japanese established their civil government in March, 1896, but did not until 1901 complete the subjugation of the island. In 1896, there were 4,638 Japanese officials, but in 1904, 12,501; the Japanese population increased from 10,584 to 53,365 in the same period. The revenue has increased from $1,313,330 in 1896-97 to $11,166,557 in 1904-05. While the railroad mileage is now 230 miles instead of 60, with a passenger traffic of a million and a half, as against a quarter of a million, the freight traffic has grown from 23,337 tons to 350,431. The telephone and telegraph systems are gradually being extended, and the mails are far larger than in 1894. Meanwhile, the educational system has been developed, so that there are now 14 schools for Japanese with 2,552 pupils, and 153 schools for 23,346 native scholars. In addition, a medical school for natives has made a promising beginning. Foreign trade, except with Japan, has hardly varied during the decade. The exports and imports to Japan about balance each other, and are worth together about $9,500,000. Gold, coal, and sulphur are being mined in greater quantities, and the increase in live stock is very marked. This record of Oriental dealing with Oriental has its lessons for occidental nations which are endeavoring to develop their possessions in the East.

What shall be the attitude of the press of a country in war time? This is a question which is agitating the journalists of England almost as if a war were in sight. A recent conference, called by the Newspaper Society, agreed that legislation should be obtained from Parliament. The editors granted the necessity of some kind of control, were patriotic enough to see that in a national emergency the country is first and the private interests of the press subordinate, and admitted without qualification the value of the Japanese policy of complete secrecy. As to details, however, there is still a considerable difference between the English journalist and the Japanese. Arthur F. Walter of the London *Times* hoped that "the responsible and somewhat invidious office of press censor will never be committed to any man who is not amply qualified by ability, tact, and judgment to discharge it." Here Mr. Walter put his finger on the weakness of a system of censorship. The average military censor is apt to be a bureaucrat, or a soldier without the slightest knowledge of the newspaper business. His training inclines him to be arbitrary and over-cautious, apt to suppress information to which the country rightly is entitled. Hence, there will never be a wholly satisfactory censorship in nations in which public opinion rules. Generals Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, and others have declared that if they had their way no correspondents would be allowed with the armies. Yet Lincoln was ever anxious that correspondents should furnish accurate and full news of what was going on at the front. Only in this way could he retain the support and confidence of the masses—particularly in the hours of darkness and defeat. Object as the military may, in a country with popular government there must always be published plenty of news and gossip. The people are accustomed to it, and will obtain it, for they are the real government.

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THE DUMA AND THE CZAR.

It was fearfully irregular for the English Prime Minister to exclaim, "Vive la Duma," in London, on Monday, but, as even his Conservative critics concede, he was only saying "what is in all our hearts." That is really the significance of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's indiscreet cry. He is a great parliamentarian. He is steeped in the methods of popular representation. Hence it could not but be a shock and grief to him to hear of a parliament forcibly dispersed by an autocrat. And he will not be greatly blamed for consulting his feelings rather than his prudence. All that he really did was to give utterance to a sentiment as wide at present as free government. All civilized nations are watching Russia intently. As between the Duma and the Czar —representing government and autocracy—the hopes and fears of Christendom are all with the former. Sir Henry was the impetuous spokesman of millions.

Even the Russian reactionaries who finally screwed up the courage of the weak Nicholas to the sticking point, are aware that the general opinion of the world is strongly against them. Hence their haste in protesting that they do not really intend the destruction of the Duma. There is to be another one. The Czar "firmly" abides by his "unshakable" determination to grant Russia a Constitution and a Legislature. But the protests of members of the present Duma indicate how little such promises are worth. The policy of the Czar, they point out with great force, must be to obtain "a pliable, subservient Parliament"; while if he succeeds in putting down the popular movement, he "will convoke no Parliament at all." Hence the instant need of such a proclamation as the Duma has issued, defying the autocracy, and calling upon the people to agitate and organize and assert their right to rule themselves.

The issue between the Duma and the Czar may be looked at in a narrow, technical way, or broadly. Strictly speaking, Nicholas had a right to dissolve the Duma. That was reserved to him in clause 3 of section i. of the Constitution. But in providing that "the Duma can be dissolved by the Czar before the expiration of five years"—the term of office of its members—such violent action as we have just seen, even if narrowly legal, was not warranted by the natural meaning of the words. On the other hand, the Duma may also point to the letter of the law as justification for its threat to declare invalid any loans that the Government may make without its consent. The Constitution explicitly extended the "competence" of the Duma to "the departmental, ministerial, and national budgets." This, to be sure, is not so clear an assertion of the power of the purse as the Commons of England made against Charles I., though the technical argument for it would be good. But the contest has gone beyond the actual script of the documents to the inherent merits of the case. What we have, on the one side, is an autocracy setting itself up again as supreme; on the other, popular representation insisting upon its rights. As an alternative to the impending collapse and anarchy, of which the Marshals of Nobility warned the Czar last summer, he chose the Duma; now, in dispersing it, he virtually challenges a repetition of that industrial paralysis and social chaos which forced from him the promise of a Constitution. If the people say that they have no other weapon but resistance, it is the Czar who has forced it into their hands.

The Czar has, it is clear, staked everything on the army. He expects resentment. He looks for riots. Even armed resistance here and there he must count upon, but if the army obeys orders, he can make a desolation and call it peace. Thus the loyalty of the troops may prove to be the critical factor in the whole struggle. On that point we have not much light. So far as it reaches, however, it makes the prospect for the military autocrats highly dubious. When the soldiers were still in Manchuria, they often manifested a spirit of mutiny. There were many cases of refusal to obey orders, and of officers being shot by their own men. But this, Gen. Trepoff has explained, was due solely to the fact that the officers were not on good terms, personally, with the troops. He declares that not a single instance of insubordination occurred in the cavalry, where better conditions prevailed. However that may be, we have already considerable evidence that the army does not consider itself a machine apart from the nation. A letter from non-commissioned officers in South Russia was published in St. Petersburg Monday, saying:

> The time is very near when the Government will find that the army is not on its side. The army is not the same since that sad war. We know now for whom we are bearing all the misery and ignorance in which we exist. Let the Ministers of War, Justice, and the Interior know that we soldiers are now a conscious element of the nation and share its sorrows and its hopes. Better that the officers do not now order us to fire on our families.

In the nature of the case, the Russian soldiers cannot continue aloof from the mass of the people. The force is all the while recruited from the people. Every year, about 300,000 young men, on reaching the age of twenty-one, are taken for service in the army or the fleet. Their period of service is from three to five years. Hence, of the regular army of 1,000,000 men, something like two-fifths has recently come from among those very peasants and artisans where the spirit of revolution has been most rife. Inevitably, then, the army should be infected. We may not at once see the troops, like the French National Guard, fraternizing with the people; but there is good reason to believe that the army cannot be depended upon to shut its eyes and fire upon Russians rising to demand the fulfilment of the Czar's solemn pledges.

The development of the situation may be slow, but, in the end, the two irreconcilable forces of absolutism and freedom will be in collision. M. Anatole Leroy-Beaulieu, a great and sober authority on Russia, declares that the autocracy has already gone, assert itself galvanically though it may; and that the question is whether the dynasty will not also have to go. We cannot say too roundly that revolutions never go backward. What Napoleon did with the French Revolution, reminds us of the possibility of a military dictator in Russia. But Napoleon held himself in power only by foreign wars, with their *gloire* and loot. Such a means of keeping the Russian army content is grotesquely impossible. All the bloodshed will be at home. Cruel repression may grow from a habit to a passion, and then a madness; but, in due time, the irrepressible demands of the Russian millions, who have been taught at last to aspire, will brush away all opposition. It may then be "à bas le Tsar," but it certainly will be "Vive la Duma!"

TRADE UNION VIOLENCE.

The murder committed in the Plaza Hotel building in this city, by members of the Housesmiths' Union, has enabled a coroner to surpass the chartered absurdities of his office. Coroner Acritelli declares that the posting of special officers where union and non-union men were working near each other was equivalent to incitement of the union men to murder. "The construction company," he affirms, "knew full well that to place a guard over the iron-workers would be like flaunting a red blanket in the face of a bull." It would "almost certainly lead to strife." This learned opinion would make policemen accessories before the fact to every trade-union crime committed where they are in sight. But the inflammability of the union workers goes further than that. It is well known that they feel an irresistible impulse to club and kick a non-union laborer. Yet if you station guards to protect him from violence, you simply stir up murderous passions against those officers, and make yourself responsible for their death. So much for this latest sample of "crowner's law."

The whole episode throws new light upon our peculiar problems of trade unionism. Deny it as they may, intim-

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idation, brutal assault, and if need be, murder, are widely employed by labor unions in this country. This fact it is which gives them so malign a distinction. Violence is not so the mark of labor agitation in other lands. Frederic Harrison, in a lecture the other day before the International Institute of Sociology in London, stated that in England, though there had been endless strikes, on a vast scale, no violence had been used, except in one or two local and trifling affairs. The reason for this good order, Mr. Harrison found in "the national character of patience and self-control," together with free institutions and a law-abiding spirit; and also in what he called a "real spiritual power" influencing both employers and the masses of laboring men. Our difference from Englishmen, in this respect, has often been noted. It goes to the conduct of mobs as well as unionists on strike. The English mob is uproarious, but not murderous; ours takes with dangerous facility to the throwing of bombs. This necessarily compels a different attitude on the part of the authorities.

The contrast was well brought out by Kipling in his "From Sea to Sea." He first came to this country when the crimes of the Chicago anarchists were still reverberating, and he could not understand the talk he heard about the need of the sternest measures with rioters. On shipboard the conversation fell upon the subject. An American passenger said:

> "You can't persuade the mob of any country to become decent citizens. If they misbehave themselves, shoot them. I saw the bombs thrown at Chicago, when our police were blown to bits. I saw the banners in the procession that threw the bombs. All the mottoes on them were German. The men were aliens in our midst, and they were shot down like dogs. I've been in labor riots, and seen the militia go through a crowd like a finger through tissue paper."
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> "I was in the riots at New Orleans," said the man from Louisiana. "We turned the Gatling on the other crowd, and they were sick."
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> "Whew! I wonder what would have happened if a Gatling had been used when the West End riots were in full swing," said an Englishman. "If a single rioter were killed in an English town by the police, the chances are that the policeman would have to stand his trial for murder and the Ministry of the day go out."

In point with the last statement is the fact that Mr. Asquith, now Chancellor of the Exchequer, has long suffered, politically, for having, when Home Secretary, approved the action of the troops in firing upon rioting workmen. This is soberly given you in England as a reason why he can never become Prime Minister. This English view is sanctioned by long tradition. As far back as 1780 Burke set it forth in pleas of clemency for the "No Popery" rioters. Burke argued that the offenders were "a poor, thoughtless set of creatures, very little aware of the nature" of their wrong-doing. He feared anything that should "rather resemble a massacre than a sober execution of the laws."

In the United States, however, the popular feeling is not the same. It may fairly be argued that there is something in our air or blood that makes the resort to violence easy, and that laboring men on strike act only as does the typical American crowd in a fury. If that is an explanation of the cause, it leaves us as much as before in want of the remedy. And there is no remedy except the absolute maintaining of law and order against either the mob or the trades union. In fact, the putting down of mob violence has come to be almost a popular thing in this country. The day is far past when a Governor of New York could make a mealy-mouthed speech to rioters, and address them as his "friends." Gov. Flower and also Gov. Rusk of Wisconsin showed the more excellent way of laying the rough hand of the State upon disturbers of the peace, whether they call themselves strikers or not; and President Roosevelt's plain-spoken speech in Chicago last year, in support of Mayor Dunne's determination to make the city safe from the violence of strikers, met a response which shows which way the wind is blowing.

But the approved medicine for the mob must also be administered to the labor union when it acts like a mob. Why does no leader of workingmen come out in clear utterance upon this subject? Deprecating remarks have, of course, been made by Mitchell, Gompers, and others, but none of them have trenchantly told workingmen that union violence is a crime against their own cause, as well as against the State, and must be repressed with all severity. When the Typothetæ of this city were suing out their injunction, last winter, the judge asked the representatives of the Typographical Union what rules they had against violence by their members. He was told they had none. But in the long run trades unionism cannot prosper by breaking heads; and the sooner its champions find that out, the better for their cause.

SUPPLEMENTING IRRIGATION.

Where one acre in the arid and semi-arid regions has been watered by irrigation, a hundred acres continue to bake under the sun from one rainy season to another, far above the level of any possible ditch. Great upland plateaus in Colorado, Utah, and Idaho can never be watered from storage reservoirs or living streams. Deep wells and pumping are of some value, but when all is done, the most optimistic Westerner is forced to admit that much of "God's country" is, after all, a thirsty land.

While the work of irrigation has been carried ahead with extraordinary energy, considering the difficulty of the engineering problems, people interested in other methods have not been idle. State and Federal forestry, as a means of utilizing the land, has been talked in season and out. To-day, the voice of the "dry farming" expert is making itself heard. He recites the old, depressing statistics: There are 600,000,000 acres of public domain left to settlement. Of this, 70,000,000 acres are quite sterile—rocks and alkali and mountain peaks; 95,000,000 acres are sparsely wooded; not quite such a large area is well wooded and valuable; 70,000,000 acres may be brought to a high state of productiveness by irrigation; and there remain 300,000,000 acres, half of the total area, fit only for grazing. Of course, to this immense area of public land must be added as much more in the hands of private owners. To change the form of the statistical chart, the philosopher of the dry country points out that for 1,200 miles north and south, and 1,300 miles east and west, and embracing four-tenths of the whole territory of the United States, there is sharp need for some sort of moisture-producer. Speaking broadly, farming in this region is a speculation, in which the ordinary farmer fares no better than the ordinary speculator in Wall Street.

H. W. Campbell of Lincoln, Neb., who has been preaching dry farming for some years to the plateau dwellers of the West, has so developed his system as to make it a valuable supplement to the reclamation service. As described by many observers, and summarized in the *Century Magazine* for this month, Mr. Campbell's idea "consists simply in the exercise of intelligence, care, patience, and tireless industry." He is not an alchemist, and has none of the airs of a magician. He has made no such spectacular experiments as have called attention to Luther Burbank's wonderful plant-breeding in California. What he says, in effect, is that rain is not needed in the growing season if the moisture deposited in the soil during the wet months is carefully saved. We do not, however, predict any general immediate success for the Campbell system, because the average farmer is as fond of his ease as the average Trust magnate. He will always prefer irrigation to deep ploughing and frequent cultivation. To him the newspaper advertisement, "Let the Little Wonder do your reaping while you improve your mind," makes a strong appeal. When, however, the wheat-raiser is forced to go to the uplands, he will remember the Campbell creed, and may resort to it for agricultural salvation.

The dry farmer begins his preparation for next year's crop as soon as this year's crop is off the land. He sends his ploughs into the field as the harvester leaves it. A seven-inch furrow is turned, then the ploughed soil

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is immediately packed firm by a subsoil harrow, or series of cutting disks. From that time until planting begins every rain that falls calls for a fresh stirring of the soil by an ordinary harrow. Winter is not a season for rest and recreation; it is, rather, the busy season, when moisture enough is stored up to force the crop to maturity. All that Mr. Campbell has been able to say in favor of his toilsome method is that the laborer shall have his reward—the experiment has been continued long enough to show that by this incessant labor the yield can be increased from three to five fold. Where the annual rainfall averages twelve inches—irrespective of the months in which it is deposited—practically all crops can be raised by dry farming. A ten-inch rainfall will produce many special crops, like dwarf Milo maize, Turkestan alfalfa, Kaffir corn, beardless barley, and durum, or macaroni wheat.

Mr. Campbell's pioneer work, the enthusiastic labors of the forestry experts employed by the National Bureau and by various States, and the continuous experimenting in the Government desert laboratories with a view to finding out how the unchanging grim humor of the dry country may be turned to the settler's profit—all these serve to emphasize one point, the wasteful spirit of the West. The forestry commissioner of Minnesota begs for funds to acquire for the State 3,000,000 acres of rocky and sandy land fit for planting with pines. He demonstrates that only 20 per cent. of cut-over pine land reforests itself with pine if left untouched. Thus far, however, the West has been content to gather its quick profit from an immediate use of 80 per cent. of the country's resources and leave the problem of subsisting on the remaining 20 per cent. to the next comers. These husbandmen are now plodding into the dry country in the wake of the spoilers, and to them Mr. Campbell, Gifford Pinchot, Mr. Burbank, and the Arizona experimenters are coming to be as significant figures as Frederick Haynes Newell and the experts of the irrigation service.

HARVARD VS. CAMBRIDGE.

The news that the Harvard crew is to meet the Cambridge eight on the Thames in September will gratify lovers of rowing here and abroad. Not since August 27, 1869, when a Harvard four was beaten by an Oxford crew, has there been a contest between English and American boats save in the Henley races. There climatic conditions and the skill of the Englishmen have resulted in defeat for the Americans on every occasion, except in 1878, when a Columbia four carried off the Visitors' Cup. The time has, therefore, long been ripe for a 'varsity contest over a longer distance than that at Henley, where racing in successive heats over a difficult course has always been trying for American oarsmen.

Still another reason exists why Americans should welcome the appearance in England of a Harvard crew. Some unpleasant happenings at Henley have cast discredit upon our American sportsmanship. We refer not merely to the poor taste and bad manners which marked the Henley career of a crew from a New York college, but to the disgraceful incident of the Vesper Boat Club of Philadelphia, which represented the United States at last year's Henley regatta. Although entered as amateurs, the members of the Vesper crew, as the National Association of Amateur Oarsmen has proved, accepted money in sums varying from $50 to $150, more than the proper expenses of their trans-Atlantic trip. Moreover, several of the Philadelphians perjured themselves when giving to a notary information as to their status and occupations. As a matter of fact, they were not qualified to row under the Henley rules. Naturally, this affair has provoked bitter criticism in England, where such racetrack performances would be impossible in amateur circles; and the suggestion has been seriously made by one of the Henley Stewards that all American entries be henceforth barred. Obviously, a well-behaved Harvard crew could do much to make Englishmen remember that there are gentlemen oarsmen in America, and to renew the pleasant impressions made by Yale's Henley crew in 1896.

From the oarsman's point of view the promised race will have the merit of reopening the old discussion as to the relative value of the English and American styles of rowing. Unfortunately, Harvard this year exemplifies the teachings of a professional coach, Wray, who is to accompany the crew. He will be looked at somewhat askance on the Thames, where only amateurs coach amateurs, and where at least one member of Parliament finds it worth his while to train the crews, not only of his own university, but of its great rival. Regrettable as it is that Harvard in this respect savors of professionalism, there will none the less be interesting points of comparison. Cambridge won this season with a crew which was not up to the standard of its predecessors of 1897 and 1900. The stroke was on the bow side, a "North Country rig," not used since 1876. More significant to Englishmen is the fact that Cambridge rowed in a "sculling style"; indeed, her crew was criticised as being more like the American eights than any English 'varsity hitherto. Her victory was as disconcerting to the old-fashioned English boating experts as was the recent triumph of the Belgians at Henley. The latter were admittedly strong and well-trained men; according to all traditions, their short, jerky stroke should have defeated them. Instead, they won, and handsomely, although it must be said that the crack Leander crew was not there to measure oars with them.

Writing in the *Fortnightly Review*, Theodore A. Cook, who has watched American crews at Cambridge, Mass., and at Henley, stoutly stands up for the long English style. He thus describes its advantages:

> If you could take an English oarsman as he is seated in an eight, just at the start of a stroke, and could tilt up the boat until the bows were straight in the air and the rudder at the bottom of the river, you would then see that the action of his arms and legs almost exactly reproduces the movements of a man who is drawing a cork out of a bottle which he has placed on the floor between his feet. His arms remain straight. His body becomes gradually more upright at the hinge of the hip joints. His legs supply the real thrust as they slowly and strongly straighten out, and the knees go flat. That is why, when an Englishman gets out of a boat after a hard race, he can scarcely walk. But he could probably do almost anything he wanted with his arms. Now the effects of this style are threefold. It uses the strongest propelling muscles in the human frame. It uses every ounce of the weight of the body. It can be rowed when a man is so tired that he can scarcely see the back in front of him. However fatigued you may be, you can throw your weight on to an oar-handle until the whole eight men stop rowing altogether.

In Mr. Cook's opinion, the American coaches (he despises the professional variety, boasting that there has not been one on the Thames in sixty years, and never will be another) neglect the human equation entirely: "They develop a theory and prove it on the bank. They then proceed to train their men's muscles by gymnasiums and tanks, to stand the extra strain which that theory will put upon them." A particular coach's style may be successful against another coach's, but it has never yet succeeded against the English style.

Mr. Cook dwells further on the weaker nerves of the American Henley crews, which have invariably succumbed to eights unable to cover the course nearly so quickly in practice spins. The races discovered the Americans' weak points—the disadvantage of their higher nervous tension, and also the fact that human nature "has an awkward habit of announcing its existence, however often it is pitchforked out of the way by a professional." In brief, the Americans' quick, jerky style has been their handicap. The moment they are passed or pushed hard, they falter; their style "disintegrates more and more, and no amount of pluck can save them." In the proposed four-mile contest there will be an excellent opportunity to see whether these English theories are true only on a short course, or whether, as a result, perhaps, of Rudolph C. Lehmann's visit to Harvard in 1897 and 1898, our American style is not more and

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more approximating the traditional long swing of the Thames.

PREACHING AGAINST "SOCIETY."

One of the chief sensations of this year's London season has been the series of sermons on the "smart set" delivered by Father Bernard Vaughan. His pulpit is in the Jesuit's church in Farm Street, Mayfair, and he has preached to packed audiences, for the church is too small to hold the throngs that come in carriages and automobiles. That is an old trick of "society." Fashion often goes where fashion is scourged. And Father Vaughan, who does not appear to have craved notoriety, has addressed himself with great directness to the follies of the hour. Here is an extract from the report of a recent sermon:

> If Dives, who was buried in Hell, were to revisit the earth he would most surely have the *entrée* to London's smartest set to-day. He would be literally pelted with invitations. And why not? Dives, so well groomed and turned out, with such a well-lined larder and so well-stocked a cellar, would be the very ideal host to cultivate. He would "do you so well," you would meet the "right people at his place," and you could always bring your "latest friend." Besides, what a good time one would have at his house-parties, where there would be no fear of being bored or dull!

George Russell has recalled the fact that Father Vaughan had a precursor in London about 1870. The Rev. George Wilkinson was then the reigning flagellant of fashionable sinners. He did very much what Father Vaughan has done—laying about him with great vigor, and hitting chiefly at the frivolities and vices of the rich. He had little eloquence, but great sincerity; and the burden of his preaching was, as Mr. Russell recollects it, made up of exhortation in this style: "Don't stay till three at a ball, and then say that you are too delicate for early services." "Eat one dinner a day instead of three, and try to earn that one." "Give up champagne for the season, and what you save on your wine-merchant's bill send to the mission field." "Sell that diamond cross which you carry with you into the sin-polluted atmosphere of the opera; give the proceeds to feed the poor, and wear the only cross—the cross of self-discipline and self-denial." The services of this plain preacher were as crowded by the elegants and notables as have been Father Vaughan's this year.

Mr. Russell's explanation is that "Society loves to be scolded." But this, if it be not intended for a paradox, is too superficial. Doubtless there is, to a certain order of mind, a thrill in feeling that one belongs to a class which is important enough to be preached about in church. It heightens the sense of notoriety, and notoriety is three-fourths of "Society," as Matthew Arnold might have said. As for the clerical "scolding" which Society loves, it is not the genuine article like Father Vaughan's, but the kind of insincere half-protest, half-admiration, and all envy which some preachers indulge in under the impression that they are giving social sins a terrible raking. We all know those mock John Knoxes of the fashionable world. They exhort their dearly beloved brethren to mortify the flesh, and then angle for invitations to mortify their own—and they usually carry a lot of it—at a good table.

Yet it remains true that when a real prophet arises to castigate the pleasant sins of the luxurious, he gets an echo in their own hearts which is somewhat surprising. How are we to account for it? Partly, it may be, on the theory of penance. To go and hear your own class and your own habits and proclivities denounced, may awaken a sentiment which seems akin to virtue. "Yes," you will say, "we may as well confess that it is so. We are leading too gay lives. It will do us all good to go and hear a saintly man tell us the truth about it." Then, having heard, and with a comfortable feeling that you have somehow repented and reformed by merely being where the good word was preached, you depart and straightway forget what manner of man you saw yourself to be when looking into the mirror of the perfect law.

Deeper than all this, however, is satiety. Nothing bores one like a long course of frivolous pursuit of empty pleasures. Vanity Fair gets horribly out of conceit with itself. In gilded society a certain proportion of people may always be found who are sick to death of it; who know its hollowness; who hate its conventionalities, and to whom all its forced gayety is as the crackling of thorns under a pot. A preacher who could uncover to the foolish rich this sense of satiation which besets them or dogs them through all their round of pleasure-seeking and vain social competitions and jealousies, would appeal to a motive that is stronger than fear of punishment after death. Satiety is the punishment before death. A veteran dramatic critic has implored the clergy to declaim, not at the immoralities of the stage, but at its fearful stupidity and banality, its power to make you, not wicked, but infinitely bored. Similarly, we imagine, it is the satiated exponents and victims of fashion who long for a breath from the Judean hills; and the most effective preaching against Society would consist in a faithful depiction, not of its lust of the eyes and its pride of life, but of its endless vexation and heaviness of spirit. That was the text of the weary King Ecclesiast, "the sad and splendid"; and his sigh, "vanity of vanities," uttered nearly three thousand years ago in the palace at Jerusalem, echoes still in the palaces of London and New York.

THE REMBRANDT TERCENTENARY.

AMSTERDAM, July 16.

Rembrandt reigns in Holland. From the desolate heaths of Drenthe to the limestone hills and caves of Limburg, and from the Bourtanger morass to the Wilhelmina Pier at Scheveningen, his name is on every lip during this week of celebration. It is not the great cities only that display the tricolor bunting. A carefully planned and successful propaganda has distributed albums of cheap copies of Rembrandt's masterpieces throughout every one of the eleven provinces.

I am writing in da Costa Plein, around the corner from the Rosengracht, where stands the last dwelling house of Rembrandt—now duly marked with its mural tablet and gay with flags and orange streamers. The Wester Kerk tower—highest work of man in Amsterdam—rises in view. Under its stone floor rests the dust of the greatest painter of the northern Netherlands. This morning I saw the golden-lettered memorial unveiled before thousands of people. A little to the west, and running out from the church square, is the Bloomgracht, in which the artist bridegroom and his bride Saskia dwelt. Yet, except flags and flowers, nothing in the way of decoration, for a moment approaching the Queen's inauguration in 1898, is to-day visible. It is otherwise—more quietly, appropriately, and with an eye to permanence—that the Dutch will commemorate Rembrandt. They have struck in gold, silver, and bronze, tokens, on which besides dates and words of honor is the palette enwreathed with oak and laurel. The painter's lineaments are those of ripe age, when his triumphs had been attained; while Royer's colossal statue on the Rembrandt Plein, reared in 1852, represents him in his early manhood. The new monument by the sculptor, Toon Dupuis of The Hague, near Rembrandt's birthplace in Leyden, also shows the mature features, as on the medals. As for the book and print shops, all over the kingdom, they blossom with Rembrandt's portraits and pictures.

In the sheaf of newly written biographies that of Dr. Hofstede de Groot, in eight volumes, leads all in documentary importance and general interest. Yet he told me that since the recent completion of his work, about fifteen new Rembrandts have been brought to light. One of these, "Saskia with the Letter," I saw last week in the Frisian Museum at Leeuwarden, and since that time again at the superb collection assembled at Leyden by the indefatigable biographer. It represents Saskia in happy mood, holding what is perhaps a letter from her lover. The metallic lustres and jewelled effects, so frequent in the artist's pictures, are here strikingly fresh and beautiful. Another brief but vivid narration and literary appreciation is seen in "Rembrandt's Leven en Kunst," by Jan Veth. In addition to serious and critical works for the adult readers, there is a small library of books for the young, which tell of the man, the artist, and his work.

It was interesting to witness the Dutch academic function in honor of Rembrandt. To the *aula* of the Amsterdam University, I made my way on Friday, the 13th, through the Doelen Straat, and

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the Kloveniers-Burgwal (of Pilgrim Father associations), into the brick archways lined with book stalls, and thence to the pretty courtyard, rich in greenery and gay with flowers. In the hall, well filled with the élite of Amsterdam, Professor Six, a descendant of the famous burgomaster, made immortal on canvas by Rembrandt, presided. The professors, each in black velvet gown and beretta, with huge white cravat, filed in with the dignitaries of municipality and province. Of the five glorifiers of Rembrandt, who were to receive doctorates *honoris causa*, three were present. They sat on chairs confronting mighty sheets of parchment duly printed in Latin, subscribed by the faculty, and brave with the red and black colors of Amsterdam. Émile Michel, now aged, remained in Paris, and Bode, busy in Berlin, could not come; but Bredius, Jan Veth, and Hofstede de Groot, listened and received honors. Above the tribune in letters of gold was the name of the Amsterdam's University professor, Dr. Tulp, who still demonstrates from the immortal "Anatomy Lesson" on Rembrandt's canvas.

Passing by the "winged words" of Dutch eloquence in oration and official conference, we go in memory, as we did in reality, to the Senate Room—for refreshment of mind as well as body. From the social reception in this hall of portraits, I went to the city archives fronting the New Market. With the assistance of the keeper, I found and read the original entry in full of Rembrandt's marriage with Saskia, the maid from Friesland; and also the one-line record of the artist's death in poverty. Across from the market space is St. Anthony's Street, running into the Jew's Broad Street, where stands Rembrandt's house, now duly marked with tablet. The painter had not far to walk to portray the dissection directed by Dr. Tulp, for the round, or octagonal, room now given up to documents, was once the famous Anatomical Theatre.

On Saturday, July 14, at Leyden I saw again the haunts of young Rembrandt and the twentieth-century honors heaped upon his memory. The old city was ablaze with red, white, and blue, and the Queen Mother and Prince Consort observed "the politeness of princes," and were in their seats at two P. M. Mesdag, Israels, Blommers, and many other artists were among the dignitaries of the city and the ancient University, and the beauty and fashion of South Holland. The exercises were of the most felicitous order. They included superb floral offerings laid by the various artists' societies on the grassy mound to the honor of the man in bronze. Rembrandt, pencil in hand, looks towards his humble birthplace and his beloved Rhine. To make the scene most deliciously Dutch, the inevitable little dog in Tobit's story, in the normal Dutch painters' pictures, and in the Fatherland's history, as on William the Silent's tomb and statue, was there in several breeds. He trotted in and out and after, lending impudence to the dignity of the occasion. Besides the twenty Rembrandts exhibited in the City Museum, were also specimens of the work of all the Leyden painters of the seventeenth century. After the concerts, kermis in the "Burg," and merrymaking at the students' banquet, the fun ceased about four A. M.

On Sunday, July 15, I was again at Amsterdam. Except for an afternoon opening of pictures to "society," at the Arti et Amicitiæ clubhouse on the Rokin, the Dutch kept Sunday pretty well. It was appropriate that night should be chosen for the chief Sabbath-day function. A half million people blocked the avenues to the Rembrandt Plein, into which at ten P. M. filed a procession of men in seventeenth-century garb with flambeaux. The glitter of steel cuirass and morion, the slashed and striped silk, the russet jerkins, the orange sashes and plumed hats, made Rembrandt's time come again. Two hundred artists, women as well as men, marched with the costumed escort. As each guild or society, from all over the kingdom, laid down a floral offering, the blue and white flag of St. Luke signalled for a crash of drums and cymbals. The singing of the large male choir, as at Leyden, was superb.

Monday, July 16, was the real Rembrandt Day, and happily dry and fair. Concerts, with choir and band in many parts of the city, and a great costume procession, with allegorical representations in "floats," with maidens arrayed in brilliant colors and heraldic and mediæval dress, amused the people. The crowning function was at the Rijks Museum at two P. M. In the old Hall of Rembrandt gathered Holland's beauty and manhood to consecrate the new rooms set apart wholly for the works of the master. Russia, England, and the other countries of Europe, as well as the United States, may possess Rembrandts; but Holland has her own son's three or four greatest works. I asked Josef Israels which of these he considered the greatest. "The Staalmeesters [Syndics of the Cloth-Makers' Guild] is the one which has the mark of Rembrandt's handwriting," said he. This is his greatest work. In *De Gids* of this month, Israels has further emphasized this view.

The Prince Consort and the Queen Mother led the honors, for the sovereign Wilhelmina abides in quiet at Het Loo palace. The Prince read his speech—with a slight German accent. After music, the most distinguished auditors first, and then all of us, entered the new cloisters—shall I call them?—in which the "Night Watch" and "Cloth Syndics" are to dwell. The first effect is disappointing. The glory seems too lonely and the plain woodwork of the new and rather small rooms too dark. Yet, he who would study Rembrandt would have his canvas alone. Furthermore, the works of other artists gain by Rembrandt's absence.

Drama and song, with the presence of royalty at the Royal Theatre, in the evening, with free concerts, monster stereopticon shows of Rembrandt's paintings and etchings, searchlight effects and illuminations for the people, closed the third century and opened the fourth of the great painter's fame. W. E. G.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL PROGRESS AT ROME.

ROME, July 7.

Just at present the excavations in the Forum itself are almost at a standstill. The property at the end of the Via Cavour, covering the north part of the Basilica Æmilia, has, however, been purchased by the Government, through the continued generosity of Lionel Phillips, and workmen are now engaged in removing the buildings. Commissioner Boni intends to proceed with the excavation of the rest of the Basilica at once, and the work ought to be finished in the course of the coming winter. It is not to be expected that the completion of this excavation will add much to our knowledge of the edifice itself, but it will be interesting to discover whether there was a row of *tabernæ* on its north side, as there was on the south side of the Basilica Julia. It is unfortunate that funds are not in hand to provide for the extension of this excavation around the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, across the end of the Via in Miranda, as far as the Church of SS. Cosma e Damiano (the so-called Templum Sacræ Urbis).

The excavation in the ancient necropolis has reached its limits; in fact that portion that is nearest to the Temple of Faustina has already been covered up again, and it is the intention of the director to cover all the rest after three or four years. The surface of the tufa disintegrates so rapidly, now that it is exposed, and so much pumping is necessary to keep the water out, that Commissioner Boni thinks there will be no good reason for keeping the tombs open beyond the period mentioned. It seems a pity, however, that so interesting a spot should be entirely hidden from view.

The removal of the stones that were piled up against the brick pedestal of the Column of Phocas, on the east and north sides, has brought to light the matrices of part of an inscription cut in the travertine slabs of the pavement. The bronze letters were about forty centimetres high, and the inscription about twelve inches long, running in a direction parallel to the front of the Rostra. It reads "L. Nævius L. . . . . nus," without doubt the prætor, L. Nævius Surdinus, whose name occurs on the back of the famous relief that represents Mettius Curtius spurring his horse into the chasm in the Forum. This Nævius was probably prætor during the reign of Augustus. As another inscription, dedicated by another prætor of about the same date, was found here in 1811, it has been conjectured that both belonged to the tribunal of the prætors which stood, as we know, near the Lacus Curtius. Close by, and directly between the Column of Phocas and the Lacus Curtius, is a square foundation of concrete, surrounded by the travertine pavement, which might possibly be the base of such a tribunal. We know that the tribunal itself was made of wood. It has also been suggested that this inscription may relate to a dedication of the pavement itself at some time during the early empire. This portion of the pavement does seem to be older and better laid than most of that now existing. Neither of these explanations is entirely satisfactory, and the inscription simply adds one more to the unsolved problems of the Forum.

Signor Boni has recently come to the conclusion that many of the walls in and around Rome, that have been regarded as brickwork of the first and second century after Christ, are not built of ordinary brick, but of big tiles (*tegulæ*) which were obtained in large quantities from ruins caused by the conflagration in Rome.

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These tiles were broken with a hammer, and used in structures like the hemicycles of the Forum of Trajan, and the rear wall of the rectangular part of the Rostra. Of course, if these tiles were taken from other buildings their stamps cannot be used to date the structures in which they are now found.

Much interest has been aroused in Rome by the work that Signor Boni is now doing at the Column of Trajan. Investigation showed that a large excavation had been made under the pedestal of the column during the middle ages, and that a chamber in the pedestal itself had been filled up. This chamber has now been excavated. A small window opens into it on the southwest side, and along the northwest side something has been cut away which Boni thinks may have been a sarcophagus. Almost all the missing fragments of the great marble wreath that forms the base of the columns have been found, and are being replaced. A mould of this wreath is also to be made so that plaster casts may hereafter be procured. The architrave and the inscription are also to be restored.

Under the concrete bed of the pavement of the Forum of Trajan, just east of the column, the pavement of a road has been found, that dates from the early part of the first century after Christ. This road is flanked with the remains of buildings constructed of tiles. The pavement rises slightly, and makes an angle of nineteen degrees with the northwest side of the foundations of the column, by which it is cut. Beneath this pavement, close to the northwest side of the column, is a drain which had been filled up. It is clear that this road and the buildings on it were covered up when the Forum of Trajan was built, but the bottom of the archæological strata has not yet been reached by the excavations. This discovery seems to disprove effectually the traditional interpretation of that part of the inscription on the base of the column which states that it was erected "ad declarandum quantæ altitudinis mons et locus tantis operibus sit egestus." Evidently, in view of what has been found, a supposed ridge connecting the Quirinal and Capitoline hills could not have been removed to make room for Trajan's Forum, and the valley or depression between the two hills had probably always existed. The language of the inscription has always been puzzling, and now is still more so. Signor Boni suggests that this road may be called the *Clivus Fontinalis*, from the *Porta Fontinalis* in the Servian wall, which certainly was very near this point.

Another name has been added to the list of Roman streets by the discovery of a marble altar dedicated to the Lares Augusti by the officials of the *Vicus Statæ Matris*, on the Cælian. The inscription dates from 2 B. C., and gives the names of the consuls of that year, hitherto unknown in the *fasti*. L. Caninius Gallus and C. Tufius Germinus. This also indicates the date of the *lex Tufia Caninia*, relating to the manumission of slaves.

At Ostia about four hundred terra-cotta stamps have been found which represent theatrical and hunting scenes from the celebration of the public games. These were used to stamp the loaves of bread that were distributed to the people in connection with the public banquets provided during the games. *Mulsum* was also distributed with the loaves of bread, and many small measures, containing about three-quarters of a litre, were found with the terra-cotta stamps.

The work of removing the Villa Mills on the Palatine is to be commenced at once, and we may look forward to a renewal of interest in the archæology of the Palatine.

S. B. P.

Notes.

T. Fisher Unwin, London, has just published an illustrated book of travels, "Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan," by Charles M. Taylor, and "Women's Work and Wages," by Edward Cadbury, Miss M. Cecile Matheson, and George Shann. This latter book deals with conditions of work, life, recreation, and ameliorative agencies, wages, legislation, home life, recreation, clubs, trade unions, legal minimum wage, and wages boards.

E. P. Dutton & Co. will soon publish "A Woman of Wit and Wisdom," a memoir of Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, one of the "Bas Bleu" Society, a notable scholar, master of many languages, and translator of Epictetus. The work is by Alice C. C. Gaussen, author of "A Later Pepys."

A recent address, "The Service of Missions to Science and Society," by W. W. Keen, M.D., LL.D., of Philadelphia, president of the American Baptist Missionary Union, is being circulated as an inexpensive booklet by the Literature Department of the American Baptist Missionary Union, Boston.

The "Oxford Library of Prose and Poetry" (Henry Frowde) issues "Theological Essays" by the late Benjamin Jowett, and Trelawny's "Recollections of Shelley and Byron." Jowett's essays are selected and arranged by Lewis Campbell; Trelawny is edited by Edward Dowden.

The Clarendon Press has just issued six volumes in its "Higher French Series": Flaubert's "Salammbô," edited by E. Lauvrière; Lamartine's "Jocelyn," by Émile Legouis; Madame de Staël's "De l'Allemagne," by Henry Weston Eve; Mémoires de Madame Campan," by H. C. Bradley; Hugo's "Notre-Dame de Paris," by Léon Delbos; and Gautier's "Trois Grotesques," by H. J. Chaytor. Appended to the French text are English notes. The type is rather small but clear; the paper opaque.

The Macmillan Company makes two announcements of special interest to students of the classics. The firm will issue "Historical Greek Coins," by G. F. Hill, of the British Museum. There will be thirteen plates in the volume, besides illustrations in the text. The company has also undertaken a new series of Latin classics, to be prepared, with special consideration for the needs of younger students in colleges, under the editorial supervision of James C. Egbert, professor of Latin in Columbia University. Each volume will contain a brief introduction, the standard text, and a commentary in the simplest and briefest form.

To his text of the "Elegies" of Propertius and his recent "Index Propertianus," J. S. Phillimore has added a prose translation. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.) The work is designed, we are told, both for the general reader who has no Latin and for the student who wishes to solve the difficulties of the original text. We doubt whether readers of the first class, who have any desire to know Propertius, are sufficiently numerous to justify effort in their behalf, and for any student able to deal with the original at all Mr. Phillimore might easily have provided a more valuable aid than this translation. There is scant justification for translation of such an author as Propertius on any basis which precludes genuine literary merit at the start.

In Eugene Bacha's "Le Génie de Tacite" (Paris: Alcan. New York: Stechert) we have the latest attempt to solve the problem of Tacitus. One critic has not hesitated to call him the greatest historian of all time; to another he is first and foremost a mere stylist, ready even to eliminate an important fact rather than injure the stylistic form of a sentence by its insertion. Still another has found in him a malevolent pamphleteer, employing an almost Satanic verbal ingenuity in whipping the Imperialists of his own time over the shoulders of such noble Romans as Tiberius Cæsar. Most of those who actually read Tacitus, however, get a strong impression of a serious and powerful mind, incapable of freedom from bias in the interpretation of facts, but always with an honest endeavor to be fair. To M. Bacha we are indebted for the discovery that these estimates are one and all widely astray. Tacitus wrote neither history straight nor history warped, but pure fiction. M. Fabia's laborious efforts to show where the "Annals" follow Aufidius Bassus, and where Cluvius Rufus, are thus seen to have been thrown away, for the one great "source" all the way through was the writer's own fertile imagination. We cannot reproduce here the ingenious line of circumstantial evidence on which the court of scholarship is asked to pass death sentence upon one of the most persistently readable and influential historical writers of all ages. M. Bacha, like many another rash critic, has set up a theory and allowed his love for it to lead him beyond the bounds of sound judgment. If the "Annals" had contained so large a purely fictitious element they could never have survived the criticism which would have been heaped upon them by the age to which they were first submitted, containing as it did thousands of children and grandchildren of the eminent men and women whose names and deeds appear in the fascinating record.

In connection with the celebration on July 6, by the University of St. Andrews, of the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Buchanan, a volume will be published early in August by Henderson & Son, University Press, St. Andrews, and will be entitled "George Buchanan: a Memorial, 1506-1906." It will contain papers on the various aspects of the Scottish scholar's life and work, as well as translations of his verse. An appendix will give an account of the St. Andrews celebration. On that occasion the Lord Rector, Andrew Carnegie, asserted that

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Buchanan was not only the greatest poet of his time, and a great scholar, but the founder of constitutional government. It was Buchanan who first in Britain proclaimed the divine right of the people and denounced the divine right of kings. In his commemorative oration Lord Reay dwelt upon his strength of character, independence of judgment, scorn of luxury and fearless assertion of individual convictions. He said that the debt of gratitude which Scotland owed him could best be paid by following in his footsteps. "Had he lived in these days his scathing satire would have been directed against the evils of plutocracy and democracy, and the tyranny of public opinion." He concluded by saying that the universities have no nobler duty than to inspire the rising generations of young Scots to maintain the liberties they owed to him and his friends, and to use them in such a manner as would have satisfied Buchanan that he had not lived in vain.

Daniel Coit Gilman, president of the association formed to honor the memory of Dr. Walter Reed, whose discovery that yellow fever is conveyed by mosquitoes was discussed in the *Nation* last week, writes that $20,000 has been collected for the fund, and that $5,000 more is needed. When this sum is received, the income will be paid to the widow of Major Reed, and the capital reserved for a permanent memorial, probably a monument in the city of Washington. Further contributions are greatly desired. They may be sent to the treasurer, Charles J. Bell, of the American Security and Trust Company, Washington, D. C.

The plan for a Keats-Shelley memorial in Rome—to purchase the house in which Keats died, and to establish therein a library of the works of Keats and Shelley, and to provide for perpetual care of the graves of the poets—is making steady headway. Of the total amount needed, $22,000, about half has already been subscribed. Checks should be made payable "to the order of the Keats-Shelley Memorial Fund," and sent to R. U. Johnson, secretary and acting treasurer, No. 33 East Seventeenth Street, New York.

Some interesting books with autographs have been sold this week by Sotheby in London: a work by John Selden, presentation copy from the author to Ben Jonson, who has written in it his autograph; a pamphlet by Sir John Norris and Sir Francis Drake, "Ephemeris Expeditionis," 1589, with the autograph of Ben Jonson on the title; a copy of Lovelace's "Lucasta," 1649, with the inscription on the fly-leaf, "Charles Cotton ex dono authoris." The sale also included fine illuminated manuscripts, and rare early printed books.

Harper's Magazine for August presents a notable array of contributors: stories by Mark Twain, Thomas A. Janvier, W. D. Howells, Alice Brown, and Joseph Conrad; "The Sense of Newport," by Henry James; and poems by John B. Tabb and Laurence Housman. President Arthur T. Hadley of Yale, in an article entitled "Wealth and Democracy in American Colleges," maintains the comfortable thesis that, after all, the increase of wealth and the spread of luxury are not a serious menace to the democratic spirit in our colleges; and that intercollegiate athletic contests, in spite of "incidental evils," "form the most potent protection against those minor forms of self-indulgence which are so often a first step in the direction of major evils." Prof. Thomas R. Lounsbury discusses with his usual vivacity and good sense "Hostility to Certain Words," particularly "tireless" and "female." Howard Pyle in the colored frontispiece adds to his series of "Pictures from Thackeray" an admirable representation of Beatrix and Esmond. In *Appleton's Magazine* Miss Agnes Repplier's amusingly suggestive essay on the treatment to which children have been submitted since Miss Edgeworth's day, in the name of education, is the feature of the month. *Scribner's* follows up Chapman's flamingo pictures of last year with some remarkable photographs of the mountain-goat taken on its native crags by W. T. Hornaday, and John M. Phillips. This is its fiction number, a complete novelette by Edith Wharton and one of Arthur Cassett Smith's delicately worked out short stories being the best among its contributions. The *Century* reproduces partly in color the pastel drawings by F. Dormon Robinson, who made them two blocks distant from the heart of the San Francisco fire. "Heroic San Francisco," by Louise Herrick Wall, is the article which they illustrate.

The *National Geographic Magazine* for July is wholly devoted to a series of seventy photographs, taken with flashlight and camera, by the Hon. George Shiras, 3rd, of wild game—deer, elk, moose, herons, duck, pelicans, birds in flight, etc. The brief accompanying text is a description of his methods and a strong advocacy of this hunting with the camera which does not tend to convert the wilderness into an untenanted and silent waste.

Of especial interest at the present time is the paper of Prof. R. S. Tarr of the United States Geological Survey, in the *Geographical Journal* for July, on recent changes of level in Alaska. In it are given the main results of a study made last summer of the general geology and physical geography of one hundred and fifty miles of the coast. The most pronounced evidences of changes of level are well-defined rock benches and associated sea-caves and chasms elevated well above the level of the present reach of the highest waves. A part of this uplift, which amounts in one place to eighteen feet, is due to an earthquake in September, 1899, which lasted for seventeen days. These investigations throw light on the causes of the San Francisco earthquake, showing that it is situated on a danger-line in the earth's crust, and that the normal process of mountain building is active in the coast ranges of California as in Alaska. An account is given by Col. F. R. Maunsell of the Rhodope Balkans, which almost unknown part of the peninsula is interesting from the peculiarities of its inhabitants and its remarkable natural beauty. Sir G. T. Goldie, in his annual presidential address before the Royal Geographical Society on the geographical work of the past year, refers to the return of a young American explorer, Ellsworth Huntington, from Central Asia, where he "has done much to solve some of the problems connected with the geography, the desiccation and the archæology" of that region.

The second issue of the Sociological Papers published by the British Sociological Society is in many essentials like the first. Francis Galton continues his papers on eugenics, or man-breeding, and here attempts to show that the creation of usages and institutions which shall control the present irrational methods of human mating, is entirely possible. Professor Geddes continues his demonstration of the subject of civics, and Dr. Westermarck contributes one of his characteristic papers, heavily fortified with ethnographical instances, upon magic and social relationships. A brilliant though unconvincing study of the relation of sociology and ethics comes from the pen of Professor Höffding; the philosophy of history is taken up in a somewhat similar way by Mr. Bridges; and Professor Sadler writes ably upon the school as a social factor. The most obscure contribution is by Professor Stuart-Glennie on the classification of the sciences; a sociology which takes in such topics treated in such a way is certainly yet ill-defined in scope. The usual discussions are appended and form, in some ways, the most interesting part of the volume. In general the style of the papers is similar to that of the first series, and subject to the same criticisms.

The remarkable progress of the social reform movement in India is shown by a memorial, signed by 100 prominent Indian gentlemen, calling the attention of the Bombay Government to the prevalence of the custom of dedicating young girls to a life of immorality by marrying them to Hindu gods. The girls are prohibited from contracting another marriage, and are known as Muralis. Though a ruling of the Bombay High Court has made these sacred marriages illegal, they are still notoriously frequent, the memorialists assert, and prosecutions are extremely rare. They suggest that the illegal character of the procedure should be prominently advertised at the various temples, and that the priests should be informed that in permitting the ceremony they make themselves accessories to crime and punishable as such. The memorialists recognize the intimate connection between the propagation of Christianity in India and social reform by asking that the young girls who are rescued from a life of prostitution should be placed in the care of proper guardians or mission orphanages.

"Citizenship and the Schools," by Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks of Cornell University (Henry Holt & Company), comprises a group of addresses and essays prepared for various occasions during a period of fifteen years past, and connected by their common relation to the general subject of education. With one exception the different chapters have all been in print previously or have been delivered before public audiences. The exception, entitled "Free Speech in American Universities," was inspired by the resignation of President Andrews from Brown University in 1897, a case in which the traditional precaution of nine years seclusion has been at a considerable cost in timeliness and force.

In his "Socialism: a Summary and Interpretation of Socialist Principles" (Macmillan), John Spargo, already well known as the author of "The Bitter Cry of the Children," professes only the modest pur-

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pose of stating in simple language, and from the point of view of a "convinced socialist," what socialism is and what it is not. The historical survey is both fragmentary and slight, being limited mainly to an account of Owen's life and work, a discussion of the origin of the "Communist Manifesto," and a brief sketch of Marx. For the rest, we have a chapter on the materialistic, or economic, conception of history, the fundamental limitation of which theory the author does not, apparently, perceive; and a well-put analysis and defence of the main positions of Marxian socialism. The statement of the socialist position, while frank and pointed, is in good temper, with a minimum of denunciation of the evils of capitalism, government by injunction, and the like; save, however, in its recognition of difficulties in the way of early realization, the exposition is without novelty. If such affirmations as some of those contained in Mr. Spargo's final chapter, on "The Socialist State," are generally accepted by socialist leaders of the present day, we may at least congratulate ourselves that socialism has somewhat moderated its claims.

The latest addition to the series of "Selections and Documents in Economics," edited by Prof. William Z. Ripley, is a substantial volume of over eight hundred pages, compiled by Prof. Thomas N. Carver, of Harvard, and entitled "Sociology and Social Progress" (Ginn). Like the other volumes in the series, this is intended primarily to serve as a convenient selection of significant extracts to accompany lectures, or supplement a textbook, or form a basis for classroom discussion. Thirty-five pieces, varying in length from two pages to ninety-six, and representing twenty-seven authors, are presented. The writers range from Aristotle to Max Nordau, the list including such contrasted names as Comte, Buckle, Machiavelli, Adam Smith, Mill, Darwin, John Fiske, Macaulay, and Tarde. Professor Carver gives warning that the passages presented do not necessarily embody his own views, and are not to be regarded as "invariably sound and accurate"; the aim has been, rather, to choose extracts which by experience have been found to be "the most instructive, the most stimulating, and the most thought-provoking." The volume does not, accordingly, show us much of its compiler's personal opinions, and can hardly, we think, be of great usefulness to the general reader. Professor Carver's brief introduction, however, is distinctly interesting. To the theory of the "economic interpretation of history," as set forth by Professor Seligman and others, Professor Carver opposes, "as a challenge," the thesis that "every great historical epoch and every variety of social organization must be explained on the basis of factors and forces now at work, and which the student may study at first hand." Sociology, therefore, while using the method of economics, passes beyond the field usually cultivated by the economist, and seeks a theory of social progress through a study of "those factors and forces which govern social phenomena and the relation of cause and effect among them"; while its relation to history may be likened to that between dynamical and historical geology. Professor Carver's position is too briefly stated to warrant a general judgment upon it, but it has the merit of bringing sociology to a place where the historian and the economist can comprehend its nomenclature and judge its processes.

Le Mounier, Florence, has issued a revision by Giovanni Mestica of the authorized edition of Leopardi's works, both poetry and prose, which was originally published by this house in 1845, eight years after the poet's death. Mestica prepared this text with great care, making use of the original manscripts. He intended to add full, critical notes, but unfortunately his death prevented the execution of this plan.

"Étude comparée de la Versification Française et de la Versification Anglaise: L'Alexandrin et le Blank Verse" is a thesis for the doctorate at the University of Grenoble, written in French by a Scot, Thomas B. Rudmose-Brown: It is published at Grenoble. Confining itself almost exclusively, as the title indicates, to the consideration of the French Alexandrine and of the so-called decasyllabic line in English, it is necessarily incomplete and inadequate as a comparative study of the prosody of the two languages. Nevertheless, it is a treatise by no means to be ignored by French or English students of versification. Its most Gallic characteristic, after a habit of bluntly calling other authors wrong, is a tendency to substitute assumption for demonstration, and to mistake assertion for proof. Because of this it presents less cogently than might be the author's ideas, some of which are original. The most notable of these appears on page 63: "Rhythm and metre are two distinct entities." Apparently (from pages 8, 65, 66, 176, 184, and others) by "rhythm" is meant prose-rhythm and by "metre" verse-rhythm. This distinction and the conception of the two as coexisting in poetry seem valuable and original.

M. Madelin, who a few years ago produced an excellent work on Fouché, now publishes a thick volume entitled "Rome sous Napoleon" (Plon). The title explains itself, and the book will maintain the author's reputation, though the interest is hardly equal to that of his earlier work.

Dr. Hugo von Tschudi, the director of the Berlin "Nationalgalerie," has put students of German art under obligation by publishing what may be called a monumental illustrated catalogue of the great Menzel exhibition, held at Berlin in the spring of last year. The large quarto volume, entitled "Adolph von Menzel. Abbildungen seiner Gemälde und Studien—Auf Grund der von der Kgl. Nationalgallerie im Frühjahr 1905 veranstalteten Ausstellung" (München: Bruckmann), contains, in 661 zinc etchings and 25 photogravures, reproductions of the best of the master's oil paintings and water-color sketches, chronologically arranged, with brief descriptive comments on each individual piece. The impression produced by this condensed conspectus of the life work of the great German realist is truly astounding. One feels at a glance that here there is a man full worthy to be placed by the side of Dürer and Holbein, and one cannot help wondering how it was possible that there should have been a time when his work was overshadowed, in the public estimation, by the glittering stage effects of a Kaulbach or Piloty. An interesting supplement to this volume is afforded by another publication, also by Dr. von Tschudi, entitled "Aus Menzels jungen Jahren" (Berlin: Grote), largely consisting of reproductions of Menzel's early works and containing some fifty letters of his, written between 1836 and 1853. Here we see the young artist struggling, practically all alone and surrounded by a world of conventionality and platitude, for that mastery of nature and that grasp of every form of the visible which finally, after he had found his hero in Frederick the Great, won for him the position of the greatest artistic interpreter of Prussian character. Dr. von Tschudi's own observations on the peculiarity, the power as well as the limitations, of Menzel's art belong to the best things that have been said about him.

The work of preparing new quarters for the Vatican picture gallery has been going on for some two months, and may be finished by the end of this year. Ever since his accession the present Pope has cherished the design of building a new gallery in the Vatican, over the long wing of the Galleria Lapidaria, both on account of the insecurity of the present gallery, and because this part of the palace is needed for other purposes. It was found, however, that this plan involved too great an expenditure of money and time, and an easier solution of the problem has been found. The new gallery will occupy a part of the long wing on the west side of the Cortile del Belvedere, on the street leading to the entrance of the museum, and opposite the Vatican gardens. Each of the great masterpieces of the present collection—the Transfiguration, the Madonna di Foligno, and the Communion of St. Jerome—will have its own room, and in the new gallery will be placed all the pictures by the old masters that are now scattered in different parts of the palace, besides those in the present collection. No modern pictures will be hung here. It is with something of a shock that we hear that the new gallery is to be equipped with all modern improvements in heating, lighting, and ventilating.

The little book entitled "Our Common Wild Flowers," by Alice M. Dowd (Richard G. Badger), is a reading-book for common schools. It has grown out of the writer's needs as a teacher, and has been prepared with loving care for her own pupils. But it is likely to meet the needs of other teachers who desire to give their students a glimpse of some of the outside relations of plants, and especially the interesting folk-lore. No one must expect to find in this book any key to names of plants or any means of strictly identifying even the round hundred with which the author deals; it is simply to serve as a pleasant introduction to a wider knowledge of certain phases of the life of our common plants. We do not feel quite sure that the writer is a safe guide in matters of teleology, or the doctrine of final causes, if we can take the following extract as an indication (page 19): "Jack" (that is, Jack-in-the-pulpit) "is related also to the skunk-cabbage and to the calla-lily. Both of these plants have the same general plan of flowers that Jack

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possesses. They have worked from the same pattern, but one has developed disagreeable traits, *while the other has made itself pure and beautiful.*" Of course, the italics are ours.

Miss A. M. Clerke's "System of the Stars" (London: Adam & Charles Black; New York: The Macmillan Co.) is a second edition; but it has been subjected to such drastic revision, that scarce a page has escaped material modification, and it may be considered as substantially a new production. It first appeared in 1890, when the present system of astronomical observation, which almost revolutionizes the work, had hardly come into use. In 1890 the direct optical observation of the heavens was the rule, and scientific observation of photographs was the exception; while at present, at all the great observatories, it is the photographs that are mainly relied upon in physical astronomy, and direct observation is only resorted to exceptionally. Miss Clerke thoroughly understands the work of observatories, their problems and their methods; but the peculiar merit of her writings lies in the judgment with which she selects the topics which will be the most interesting to the auditory that she addresses. Although the present publication followed soon after her "Problems of Astrophysics" (a book of which a well-worn copy will be found in every observatory), it does not traverse the same ground. The object of the present work is to instruct the general reader, while that of the "Problems" was rather to suggest to astronomers the manner in which the frontier of their advances might best be rectified. Upon one point a note of warning may be sounded. Regarding all those problems toward the solution of which astronomy is advancing by well-settled methods, Miss Clerke's representation of the present state of its siege-operations is in every way admirable; yet on certain questions so much remains doubtful that no definitive answers to them ought now to be attempted. One such question is whether the visible universe occupies but a finite region of infinite space. There are indications which seem to point to such limitation; but sound logic must still counsel a suspension of opinion. Miss Clerke writes as if it were quite certain that we see only to a limited distance. The volume contains beautiful new plates, reproductions of some of the best of the celestial photographs. Of course, they cannot show all that is to be seen upon the originals. The index is excellent.

In "Morgan's Cavalry" (Neale Publishing Company) General Basil W. Duke, who fought under John Morgan, gives some account of various raids in which he took part. His point of view is that of a Kentucky man who went South; and what is of most interest in the volume is the description of the straits to which the Kentucky secession regiments were driven in the last period of the war, especially after the surrender of Lee and Johnston.

—A rivulet as it flows to the sea is lost in a great river, so that to follow its course involves a survey of the mighty flood. That exactly illustrates the History of the Twentieth Massachusetts Volunteers, a matchless regiment of the Second Corps in the Army of the Potomac, as prepared by Col. George A. Bruce (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Col. Bruce, who, "although serving in the same army, never even saw" the regiment, justifies his selection by its Officers' Association as its historian, by developing an admirable account of the minor organization into a clear and fascinating exposition of the great operations in Virginia in which it took part. The Seven Days, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, especially Gettysburg, and the long year of attrition that closed at Appomattox, live again. The forceful but unexaggerated accounts of those great conflicts, of why they occurred, and what followed, make a distinctly valuable contribution to military history, useful and interesting to survivors and to non-participating students alike. The experience of the field illuminates where a writer in the closet might fail to see the situation. Thus, after the salient at Spottsylvania was carried, there was no mounted staff to rectify the line disorganized by victory and to lead supports to it, for every officer had necessarily gone in on foot. But the "men on horseback were swiftly flying to various parts of the [Army of Northern Virginia] to bring up fresh and organized troops to meet the greatest danger that had ever yet threatened it" (p. 371). Lights like this flash across the whole story. There is no pretence of describing more than was done by the Second Corps, of which the Twentieth Massachusetts was an organic part, but within that limitation the illustrations are vivid. Examples of such sidelights are the forcing of the Rappahannock and the fight on the right at Fredericksburg, Pickett's repulse at Gettysburg, the negative Mine Run campaign, the operations beyond Deep Bottom, the Ream's Station disaster in August, 1864, and the just eulogy of Warren—who saved the day, perhaps the nation, when the key of Little Round Top was held by the heroic soldier whose genius and courage later preserved the Second Corps at Bristoe and upon whom fell so sad and undeserved a fate when victory was in sight in 1865.

—In all this turmoil the regiment is not lost sight of; it is a constant figure in the kaleidoscope of war. So many of its original officers were recent graduates of Harvard that locally it was known as the Harvard regiment. That the nobility of letters compelled to daring is seen in its bloody distinction of being fifth on the roll of those that suffered the heaviest losses of the war. Fifty-five officers and seven hundred and ten men were killed or wounded in action, and at one time but one officer and ten men were left with the colors. It is not invidious to say that it developed a superb military showing under the leadership of Palfrey, Revere, and Abbott; that, besides losing heavily of its young officers in the earlier campaigns, eleven attained the grade of brevet-general, nor to remind the reader that the thrice-wounded Justice Holmes of the Supreme Court was mustered in at its formation. This volume deserves large folded maps to replace the meagre ones it offers, and it is too valuable to remain, like a novel or a fairy tale, without an index.

—As volume v. of the "Documentary History of the Constitution" (Department of State, Washington) contains an appendix and a bibliography, it may be assumed to be the final volume. As such it again raises the question of the purpose and performance of the undertaking. Undoubtedly, the "documents" relating to the framing and adoption of the Constitution and its amendments would make an interesting and valuable compilation, and those documents are, for the most part, in the Department of State. But by seeking to include what mention of the instrument was to be found in the various collections of private correspondence on deposit in the Department, the editor changed the nature of the work, and has failed to give even what was fit and proper. It is not a documentary history, because a large part of it is composed of extracts from private letters, and documents play a secondary part. It is not a complete history, because it is confined to material found in the Department of State, other sources being entirely ignored. It is not even a final use of this material; because the extracts, torn from their context, mislead rather than instruct, and the form of publication is awkward, even if an index is to follow. It is to be regretted that so costly an issue was not better considered at the outset, and some of these defects obviated. With certain useful features, the five volumes must take their place among the long list of Government undertakings that have failed to show the qualities that make for permanent value.

Ole Bang, the Norwegian actor, who has been much praised for his interpretation of Ibsen's characters in the vernacular, is to play here in English next winter. He is not altogether unknown in this city, having appeared in "Peer Gynt" in the Manhattan Theatre. His English repertory includes a one-act comedy, "Love by Compulsion," "Peer Gynt," and "The Lady and the Burglar." In this last piece he is to play the heroine. It is doubtful whether experiments of this kind are ever worthy the attention of a serious actor. In the Ibsen piece Agnes Mapes will be Solveig and Miss Talcott the Troll.

The indisputable dramatic power displayed by Miss Margaret Anglin in the interpretation of certain phases of emotional excitement has excited curiosity as to the range of her ability. Hitherto her most successful achievements have been mainly along one line of character, and have left the extent of her versatility a matter of uncertainty. Manifestly if she can play other parts as well as she does those of repentant, agonized, and passionately protesting sinners, her artistic value, already considerable, will be much increased. Her programme for her approaching season at the Princess Theatre has the merit of variety. She will be seen first in a piece by Prof. William Vaughan Moody of Chicago, called "The Great Divide," but apparently identical with "A Sabine Woman," which has already had a provincial trial. The main interest lies in the conflict between two strongly contrasted natures and the eventual triumph of love. Here is the ancient "Ingomar" theme with modern variations. Next Miss Anglin will produce "The Eternal Feminine," a romance of antiquity, in which she will be seen as an Amazonian queen; and this will be followed by a revival of "Mrs. Dane's Defence," in which she made one of her

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earliest hits. After this she proposes to essay the character of Lady Teazle in an elaborate reproduction of "The School for Scandal."

Louis James has almost completed the cast of "The Merry Wives of Windsor," to be presented in various cities of this country the coming season. He himself, of course, will play Falstaff. Aphie James will be the Mrs. Ford; Charlotte Lambert, Mrs. Page; Lillian Lancaster, Anne Page; Nellie McHenry, Mrs. Quickly; Norman Hackett, Master Ford; J. Arthur Young, Pistol; and William Chrystie Miller, Master Shallow, the part he played with Hackett forty years ago.

The new comedy upon which J. M. Barrie is at work is expected to be ready next spring. As it has been secured by Charles Frohman, New Yorkers are likely to see it early. Hall Caine is to provide a new version of "The Bondman" for the autumn season at Drury Lane Theatre, London. Arthur Pinero's latest comedy, which is said to be written in his lighter vein, of which he has been too sparing lately, will be produced probably within a year's time. Edmond Rostand has written a comedy drama in blank verse for Miss Eleanor Robson. The piece is to be called "The Lady of Dreams," and the English version is to be made by Louis A. Parker, who has had much experience in such affairs.

Shakspere will be fairly represented upon the London stage next season. Arthur Bourchier expects to produce "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Tree, as already reported, is to give "A Winter's Tale," with Ellen Terry as Hermione, and, a little later on, is to undertake the trying character of Macbeth. There is to be a Macbeth also at the Adelphi Theatre, where the guilty Thane will be impersonated by Oscar Asche, who has shown potentialities of a great tragic actor.

The London dramatic season, which ended with the month of June, was not at all a good one for managers in general. About one hundred plays were produced in the twelve months, and of these, if the local chroniclers are to be believed, less than one-third paid expenses. Only about half-a-dozen productions returned very large profits, and among these, "His House in Order" and "Captain Drew on Leave" are reported as the most successful. Among the plays which had but a brief existence, six—"Clarice," "The Jury of Fate," "A Gilded Fool," "The School for Husbands," "The Lion and the Mouse," and "Shore Acres"—were by Americans; and four—"The Conqueror," "The Bond of Ninon," "The Lonely Millionaires," and "The Macleans of Bairness"—were written by English women; while two—"The Gay Lord Vergy" and "The Whirlwind"—were of French origin.

George Wright of Halifax started, some time ago, a crusade against the use of profane language upon the stage, and has written letters to many newspapers in Canada and the United States, asking aid in making protest against a vulgar and offensive practice. Every decent playgoer will wish him success; though it is to be feared he is not engaged upon a very hopeful task. But, after all, it is not the occasional use of a profane or coarse expression that is the chief offence of the modern stage. Probably less bad language is uttered behind the footlights to-day than a generation ago. In any case, the injury done by it is not very serious. What does do harm is the exhibition of a cynical disregard for the laws of elementary morality, the presentation of vice in an attractive light, and the exposure of abnormal abominations as fair examples of that human nature to which the theatre is supposed to hold up the mirror.

The Wagner festival opened at Bayreuth on Monday. Many Americans and many European notables were present. Herr Mottl was the conductor. Alfred Bary sang the part of Tristan and Maria Wittich that of Isolde.

Two of the notable musical festivals in England this autumn are the Hereford, September 11 to 14, and the Birmingham, October 2 to 5. The programme of Hereford includes a new work by Dr. H. W. Davies, "Lift Up Your Hearts"; and one by Sir H. Parry, "The Soul's Ransom." At Birmingham a new work by Sir Edward Elgar, entitled "The Kingdom," will be produced. London will hear it on November 17, at a concert of the Alexandra Palace Choral and Orchestral Society.

Miss Elizabeth Dodge, an American soprano, made her first appearance in London at Æolian Hall a fortnight ago. Her best successes were with French songs. In the same week Miss Irene Ainsley, a native of New Zealand, a protégée of Madame Melba and a student of Madame Mathilde Marchesi in Paris, also made her début in London. Although she has not yet completed her studies, she displays a fine contralto voice.

In the first week of August four concerts are to be given at Asbury Park by the Besses o' th' Barn band from England—a band which takes its name from a quaint old Lancashire village of that name, and which consists of men who have been employed as laborers in factories and coal mines.

Unable, or unwilling, to pay American prices to musicians, the Royal Opera at Berlin is losing all its leading artists. Miss Farrar and Miss Destinn went a short time ago, and now it is Muck. Thus the *Tageblatt* announced the engagement of Dr. Muck for the Boston Symphony Orchestra:

While it is still uncertain whether the Royal Opera can retain Felix Weingartner as conductor of its orchestra's concerts, another hard blow has fallen on this institution: Dr. Karl Muck, who is, by the side of Richard Strauss, the most promiment and competent conductor of our royal stage, and one of the best in Germany, leaves us to conduct the symphony concerts in Boston. It is true that Dr. Muck has taken the Boston position only for one year, and has been allowed leave of absence by the Kaiser for the remainder of the period covered by his Berlin contract. But as this contract expires in the autumn of 1907, and the Bostonians will doubtless make great efforts to win the distinguished conductor for their orchestra permanently, we must, alas! count on his absolute loss to Berlin. It is an exceptionally heavy loss that the Royal Opera is thus to suffer, and it is doubly painful because it is an open secret that it is not for artistic reasons that Dr. Muck leaves Berlin, but solely because the material advantages he enjoys here are inferior to those offered him in Boston. The Dollar has once more won a victory.

Dr. Muck is at present in Bayreuth, conducting some of the festival performances.

The Germans assert that the late Carl Lautenschläger was the first who made use of electric light on the stage. He certainly was the most ingenious "Theatertechniker" of his country. His name first became known in the eighties, when rumor told of marvellous things he did to carry out the extraordinary scenic plans devised by King Ludwig II. of Bavaria for his "Separat" performances in Munich, at which the King was the sole spectator. Without Lautenschläger's aid Mr. Conried could not have surpassed Bayreuth in the scenic presentation of "Parsifal" in New York. He was the inventor of the "Drehbühne," or rotary stage, which made it possible to present changes of scenery with unprecedented quickness. He died of cancer, aged sixty-three years.

Max Reger, whose first orchestral work, the "Sinfonietta," was one of the most widely discussed novelties of the past season in Germany, has completed another work of symphonic dimensions, a serenade in four movements. Reger belongs to the same class of Germans as Richard Strauss and Mahler, men who, since the divine gift of originating new melodies is denied them, vainly seek to atone for that by indulging in complexity, cacophony, and eccentric orchestral combinations. Regarding Reger's new serenade we are informed that the wind and percussion instruments (flutes, oboes, clarinets, bassoons, trumpets, horns, and drums) are restricted to two each, while the strings, with the exception of the double basses, are divided into two orchestras, which are to be grouped to the conductor's right and left, one of them playing *con sordina* throughout.

Hans Richter's successor in Vienna, Franz Schalk (who is favorably remembered by music-lovers here through his engagement by Mr. Grau to succeed Anton Seidl at the Metropolitan Opera House), gave some interesting information regarding music in Vienna to a London journalist the other day. He is the conductor of the Vienna Philharmonic, which, as he pointed out, is really the Court orchestra of the Emperor, by whom the organization is maintained at a yearly expense of over $125,000. The Emperor also defrays the cost of new instruments. The members of the band are mostly Austrians, but there are a few Czechs, Hungarians, Serbs, and Dutchmen, as well as some North Germans, who excel as brass players as the French do with the woodwind. The principal players are professors at the Conservatory.

To the question: "Do you rehearse a great deal?" Mr. Schalk replied: "Not so very much. For a concert we have generally three rehearsals, but when there is a very hard programme, five or six, and group rehearsals besides." Mr. Schalk also pointed out "the significant fact that so many of the great conductors of the day—Sucher, Richter, Nikisch, Mottl, Mahler—have come out of the Vienna school." He thinks that on the whole the conducting of concerts is not so exacting as that of operas, which requires great presence of mind and coping with a multitude of forces and accidents which cannot be foreseen. "The concert conductor marches up the hill, so to say, free; but the opera conductor has several loads on his back."

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Vienna had, last season, four performances of Wagner's "Nibelung Trilogy," and a dozen of "Die Meistersinger," all of which Mr. Schalk conducted.

Putnam Griswold, the American basso, who distinguished himself in Mr. Savage's performances of "Parsifal," is making a good record in Berlin. The correspondent of the *Musical Leader and Concert-Goer* says:

His leading rôles are those of the King in "Lohengrin," the Landgrave in "Tannhäuser," King Mark in "Tristan," and Pogner in "Meistersinger." He has a well-rounded, well-schooled voice and only needs more dramatic accent in his diction and singing to make him one of the leading Wagnerian bassos. He was singled out for royal distinction during the recent festivities connected with the silver wedding celebration of the Kaiser and Kaiserin. The order, which is designated as a "Souvenir of the Silver Wedding," is hereditary, and not to be returned to the crown, as is the case with most German orders.

The extraordinary influence of Liszt on the creative musicians is becoming more and more obvious. Reviewing the latest Tonkünstlerfest at Essen, in the *Etude*, Arthur Elson writes: "At present all the ambitious young men indulge in symphonic poems"; and he gives the names. It was Liszt who invented the symphonic poem.

London has a String Quartette consisting of young women players—Mmes. Henriette Schmidt, Marie Rodriguez, Jeane Levine, and Hélène Dolmetsch—whose playing is praised in the *Musical Times*. We may perhaps be permitted patriotically to doubt whether this quartette is as good as our American Olive Mead Quartette, for the simple reason that this is excelled by very few male organizations of the kind on either continent.

The most irrepressible Wagner crank in the world is Ashton Ellis of London. Some years ago he began to translate the last edition of Glasenapp's "Life of Wagner" into English. That work promises, when completed, to make up seven or eight huge volumes. Soon, Mr. Ellis began to show signs of dissatisfaction. Glasenapp was as thorough as any German professor, but he was so foolish as to throw away the litter that had accumulated in his workshop. This broke Mr. Ellis's heart. His idea of a biography is a series of volumes containing everything ever written or spoken by a man, or about him. No laundry list must be left unprinted. Accordingly, he soon parted company with Glasenapp, and began to shovel in loads of data about Wagner, rubbish and all. His fourth volume included a period of only two years. The fifth, just out, covers less than one year—the year 1855, in which occurs the London episode which Mr. Ellis himself calls "little more than a waste of time on Wagner's part." Why, then, waste a whole volume on it? Wagner died in 1883. That leaves twenty-eight more years to cover, and it is needless to say that the period from 1855 to 1883 offers much more choice and abundant material to a biographer than the period 1813-1855. Are we to assume, therefore, that Mr. Ellis's "Life of Wagner" will ultimately comprise at least thirty-three volumes?

Although Gluck's opera "Armide" was produced in Paris 129 years ago, it was given in England for the first time this month—at Covent Garden, London.

VOLTAIRE.

The Life of Voltaire. By S. G. Tallentyre. With Illustrations. Third edition. London: Smith, Elder & Co.; New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $3.50.

Voltaire is, to critics imbued with the spirit of the English people, a character all but incomprehensible. Nor is the cause hard to discover. English or American readers form their estimate of men upon the tacit assumption that no person, however great, deserves admiration or even moral toleration, who does not possess the qualities of a gentleman; any hero must be distinguished by moral dignity, by self-control, and, above all, by truthfulness. The mountebank, the slave to passion, or the liar is not a gentleman, and hence he cannot be in any sense a hero. Now Voltaire fell as conspicuously short of the gentlemanlike standard as did Napoleon, and, to many Englishmen and Americans, never seemed deserving of high place among men who have benefited mankind. He was, for example, from boyhood deficient in self-control. After reaching the age when passion might have been restrained by experience and by the sense of what was due to his own eminence, he still yielded to childish and furious anger. Some one had tampered with the acting copy of his play. He thereupon fell into a rage which lasted twelve hours. He forced his niece to confess her share in the outrage, and pushed her into a chair, or into the arms of her lover. He then sent for D'Argental, and, when his old friend arrived, abused him. He finally ended up with humble and generous apologies. This is pretty well for the greatest of living French writers at the age of eighty-four.

But the violence of his emotions had nothing to do with senility. His vehement restlessness, which was the weak side of his superhuman energy, was his most marked characteristic. Voltaire, whether kissing the hand of Turgot, "who has signed the salvation of the people"; whether lamenting the death of Madame du Châtelet and at the very same moment insulting her worthless lover, Saint-Lambert, in language too coarse for repetition; whether adoring or vilifying Frederick the Great—is always the man of strong and (to Anglo-Saxon taste) undignified emotion. In nothing is he cool but in his arguments and in his lucid and simple prose. Nor is it possible to deny that he exhibits too often a touch of the mountebank. Napoleon himself did not know better how to keep himself before the world. His life was a long conflict—and to win victory he needed to hold the eyes of Europe constantly fixed upon the intellectual contests in which he invariably came out victorious. Nor was this the worst that could be said of him. His piercing glance betrayed to him the weaknesses of courts and of kings. Louis the Fifteenth was the most contemptible; yet Voltaire sought for the favors which Louis could give, and felt the rebuffs which the most despicable of the Bourbons could inflict. When in old age he had become the acknowledged leader of European thought, he was troubled because Joseph II. passed through Ferney without calling upon him.

Add to all this that Voltaire habitually told lies; Napoleon was not a more fertile and reckless liar. Voltaire printed hardly a book of which he did not deny the authorship. The denial, made with a view to avoid official suppression of his writings, became at last what lawyers call a "common form." It was nothing else than the advertisement that Voltaire had published a more than usually pungent attack on folly or superstition. Even the war with intolerance, which was the business of his life, was marked by singular concessions to the bigots whom he detested. To build a church, or to scandalize even free-thinkers by brazen-faced confessions, followed by the solemn taking of the sacrament, may be regarded as methods of insulting the priesthood and religion; but his obtaining for one of his plays the patronage of the Pope, and still more his astounding readiness to make confession to a priest on his deathbed, were acts which, though they deceived no one as to Voltaire's sentiments, deprived even the hour of death of its dignity.

No, it is impossible for any sophist, however ingenious, to prove that Voltaire was what Englishmen mean by a gentleman. But, if this concession be made, have we advanced a step towards showing that the writer who for twenty years or more was the intellectual sovereign of Continental Europe, lacked all the elements of greatness? Whoever feels inclined to answer this inquiry in the affirmative would do well, under the guidance of Mr. Tallentyre, to consider with care the splendid sides of Voltaire's singularly mixed character.

Voltaire was born with a genius for friendship; he was a man of heart and of feeling. The strange and even repulsive relationship between him and Madame du Châtelet has an element of pathos. To her he made constant sacrifices. He was faithful to her in spirit after she had deserted him for the most undeserving of lovers. Every word he wrote or uttered after her death showed deep respect for her talents. Few could have tolerated the stupidity and egotism of Madame Denis, but to her he was the most kindly and good-natured of uncles. The admiration and the enmity which linked together Voltaire and Frederick the Great by a bond too strong to be broken by either betrays on both sides a capacity for affection which few men, whether despots or scribblers, possess. No one again can be a hero to his valet, yet Voltaire earned the admiration and the affection of secretaries who curiously combined the character of amanuensis and servant. He stood the test of the closest domestic scrutiny, and all his secretary-servants—Longchamp, Collini, and Wagnière, by far the most deserving of the three—while they recognized his faults, have recorded their conviction of his goodness and kindness. With two of these defenders he parted because of their gross misconduct towards him, and this at a time when their misbehavior exposed him to grave peril; yet in parting he loaded them with favors. It is, indeed, one of the most curious traits of character that the man who sometimes pursued his foes with relentless hatred, exhibited towards friends, even when, as in the case of Thériot and La Harpe, they had betrayed his confidence, a spirit of forgiveness.

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In his lenient judgment of his friends' vices you may, if you like, trace a certain contempt for human nature. But surely it is fairer to say that cynicism passed gradually into charity. Here, however, we come across a characteristic to which Mr. Tallentyre has given deserved prominence, namely, Voltaire's practical devotion to the actual service of mankind. He was no prating philanthropist. He took a low, some might say a true, view of human nature, but he constantly sought to relieve miseries of humanity. His home at Ferney was the refuge of the destitute and the oppressed. His fatherly adoption of Marie Corneille was a noble tribute to a writer whom he profoundly admired, but it was also an act of loving humanity. Mademoiselle de Varicourt was not descended from any illustrious author. She was nothing but the niece of one among six poor gentlemen whose estate Voltaire had reclaimed from a body of Jesuits. He took her to his heart and home, he named her "Belle-et-Bonne," adopted her as a daughter, and received from her to the day of his death the reward of a daughter's love. But, though individuals attracted his affection, whole classes received his sympathy and his aid. The watchmakers and weavers of Ferney owed their prosperity to the genius, the energy, and the benevolence of Voltaire.

Philanthropy itself, however, was with him exceeded by the rarer and nobler sentiment of irreconcilable enmity to injustice. Whoever was wronged found in Voltaire the terrible advocate whose words could arouse Europe so that wrong-doers dared not face the shame of his indignation. The names of Lally, of La Barr, of the Sirvens, and, above all, of Calas, demonstrate the power of his invective, and, also, the zeal with which he performed the prophetic function of denouncing oppression. To appreciate his energetic discharge of a duty which most of us neglect, is of the more importance because it goes far to explain, if not to justify, that attack on religion which has most shocked the conscience of devout Englishmen, and is summed up in the famous watchword, "Écrasez l'infâme." The exact significance of this war-cry is matter of dispute. "L'infâme," writes Mr. Tallentyre, "cannot be translated by any single word; but if it must be, the best rendering of it is Intolerance." Our author nearly, but not quite, hits the mark. To Voltaire's opponents we must admit that his watchword meant at the lowest: "War to the knife with superstition," and that "superstition" in Voltaire's mouth included beliefs which now-a-days command the respect of all persons imbued with the sentiment of Christianity. But, when this is fully admitted, two considerations go far to explain Voltaire's position, and may entitle him to the sympathy of many who abhor language which outrages Christian feeling.

The first is, that the object at which Voltaire aimed was attainable and justifiable. On June 3, 1760, he writes to Frederick: "I want you to crush *l'infâme;* that is the great point. It must be reduced to the same condition as it is in England. You can do it if you will. It is the greatest service one can render to humankind." All that he demanded was religious liberty, as it existed in England under George III. No man can say that the demand was unreasonable. The second is, that Voltaire saw with a clearness denied to most men the terrible and close connection between superstition and injustice. This connection is neither transitory nor accidental. Fanaticism is in every age the ally of fraud and oppression. The Dreyfus case proves that the spirit which in the eighteenth century murdered and tortured Calas might revive in full force towards the end of the nineteenth century; and Zola's defence of Dreyfus shows also that Voltaire did not labor in vain.

The attack upon oppression was the true work of his life. In this he was absolutely sincere. He told lie after lie, but he never descended to that most insidious form of falsehood under which a man forsakes his own convictions. The queer rumor, apparently credited by Mr. Tallentyre, that Voltaire was to be silenced by receiving a cardinal's hat, must have been a grim jest, though men with all his vices and none of his virtues have been cardinals. But the joke showed a complete misapprehension of Voltaire. He never deserted the cause to which he was devoted. Hence he handed down to French men of letters the inspiriting tradition which has lived on till our own day, that it was their duty and glory to defend innocence against tyranny and bigotry. From this point of view Voltaire's triumphal return to Paris has a significance that is often forgotten. It was indeed a theatrical affair; its showiness seems all the more ghastly because the applause of adoring crowds caused the death of their hero. Yet the triumph was something more than a show: it was more even than the recognition by the French people of the services rendered by Voltaire to mankind. It was the public celebration of the triumph of justice and enlightenment. Yet Voltaire's last days exhibit, as did every hour of his life, the hardly explicable combination of bad and good, of pettiness and of magnanimity. The miserable attempt, which would be purely laughable were it not so mournful, to impose upon the priests and obtain a decent burial by impudent and unreal confessions, shocks every serious reader. But then, side by side with this buffoonery, we can place Voltaire's one solemn statement of his belief, written in a firm hand, at what he believed to be his last hour: "I die adoring God, loving my friends, not hating my enemies, and detesting superstition. February 28, 1778. VOLTAIRE."

JACKSONIAN DEMOCRACY.

Jacksonian Democracy, 1829-1837. [The American Nation: A History. Volume xv.] By William MacDonald, LL.D. New York: Harper & Bros. $2 net.

"The American Nation" was first announced as a history "from original sources," a statement which in fact is printed on the title-page of each volume. The phrase doubtless conveys different meanings to different people; but in the strictest sense a history written from the sources is generally understood to be one based upon an exhaustive analysis of all the original material, one in which no statement of any importance is made on any other authority. A twenty-seven volume history of the United States written from the sources in this strict sense would prove certainly a difficult and protracted undertaking. The very rapidity with which "The American Nation" has been published might lead one with some justice to suspect that the terms of the editor's prospectus had been rather liberally construed. Strictly speaking, the present volume is doubtless not written from the sources, nor would the author, we suppose, claim for it the merit of an original contribution. Nevertheless, Professor MacDonald has for the most part gone straight to the sources, his knowledge of which, as the footnotes make abundantly clear, is extensive if not exhaustive; the examination and use of the Van Buren and Jackson MSS. furnishing an example precisely of his care in this matter. The result is a book that is no mere compilation, but a thoroughly well-considered product of first-hand knowledge, likely to remain, we should say, for a long time to come, by far the most useful exposition of the eight years of Jackson's Administration anywhere to be found.

In preparing for a general series of this kind a single volume of which the conditions have been rather rigidly prescribed by the editor, the problem of unity, one can readily conceive, must be a difficult one, whether considered from the point of view of the series or of the single volume. How successfully the work of Professor MacDonald articulates with the succeeding volumes we are not able to say, as these volumes have not yet appeared; indeed the problem of unity in this respect is more particularly the concern of the editor. Considered apart from the series, the work of Professor MacDonald strikes one, at a first reading, as being a series of essays, chronologically arranged for the most part, rather than a coherent exposition of Jacksonian Democracy. After the two preliminary chapters on "The United States in the Thirties" and "Early Public Life of Jackson," the subject is broken up as follows: "Election of 1828," "The Beginning of Personal Politics" (1829-1837), "Tariff and Nullification" (1816-1829), "The Great Debate," "The Bank of the United States" (1823-1832), "Internal Improvements" (1796-1837), "Nullification in South Carolina," "Indian Affairs" (1825-1837), "Election of 1832," "Foreign Affairs" (1829-1837), "Removal of the Deposits" (1832-1837), "Changes and Reforms" (1829-1837), "The States" (1829-1837), "Public Lands" (1829-1837), "The Election of 1836," "The Personality of Jackson." Obviously there is here little effort to maintain a strict chronological sequence, and if unity be achieved it is not through continuity of narrative. In spite of the topical method, a certain unity of effect nevertheless emerges, the element of coherence being furnished by the personality of Jackson and the democratic revolution which he embodied so perfectly—a revolution founded in the new ideas which Western influence was bringing prominently forward to be embodied eventually in the new Democratic party. If, therefore, the reader passes from a consideration of per-

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sonal politics to the tariff and nullification, from the great debate to the Bank and internal improvements with a certain abruptness (an abruptness which the author, indeed, does little in his chapter transitions to soften), he feels, after all, that these various matters are but the concrete forms which embody the new spirit; the masterful personality of Jackson contriving to inform them all with a significance that is much the same.

Nevertheless, the comprehensive treatment of the subject as a whole is not Professor MacDonald's strong point; his forte is in the management of the particular topic, nearly every chapter being an admirable presentation of the subject with which it deals. It would be difficult to imagine a better summary of the early career of Jackson, a clearer discussion of the election of 1828, a more skilful disentangling of the interwoven threads of the tariff and nullification controversies. Having isolated his topic, as it were, the author exhibits an unfailing instinct for selecting what is essential, marked lucidity in exposition, and a certain artistic neatness in the use of minor details, which serve to give to his work an excellence of form too often wanting nowadays in "scientific history." To these qualities must be added those which make for excellence of matter as distinguished from excellence of form. Professor MacDonald has in a pre-eminent degree that mental attitude which may properly be called historical. One feels that all of the evidence has been carefully weighed; the conclusions, uninfluenced by any preconception whatever, are such as one rarely feels inclined to dissent from. The most searching test in this respect likely to be put to the author of any book on Jacksonian Democracy has been met by Professor MacDonald in a way that leaves nothing to be desired. He is obviously no worshipper of Jackson, never having experienced, we dare say, anything of that enthusiasm which Old Hickory still sometimes arouses. But that his sympathies are clearly for a different type of man altogether does not prevent Professor MacDonald from fixing, with a sure hand, upon the real importance of Jackson in history, his real greatness as a man.

Yet one cannot but feel that, however unformed or contradictory his theories or his actions, Jackson nevertheless had hold of the right end of the matter in every one of the great issues of his administrations. His attack upon the Bank was brutal, but the Bank was nevertheless a gigantic monopoly whose abatement was of inestimable benefit to the political and economic life of the country. His notions about hard money were visionary, but the paper-money situation was a grave menace. . . . His treatment of France was brusque, but the claim of the United States was just, and there was but one language that France could understand. His acquiescence in the aggression of Georgia upon the Cherokee was a direct encouragement of nullification in South Carolina, but the maintenance of the Indian pretensions was impossible. In his mental processes Jackson showed the intuition of woman rather than the reason of man, but what he saw he saw directly, and from his main course he never varied (p. 310).

To hit the mark in this fashion is the rule rather than the exception throughout the entire volume.

Careful investigation, sane conclusions, clear and orderly presentation, are thus the very solid merits of Professor MacDonald's work; and if the brilliant or striking phrase, profound insight, highly suggestive or illuminating idea is rarely in evidence, the fatal omissions and faulty logic which so often accompany these qualities are also absent. There is one pervading characteristic of this period in our history which one might have expected would be brought out—which the Webster-Hayne debate, indeed, furnishes altogether the best opportunity of bringing out prominently; which a statement of the author regarding Webster's speech nevertheless leads one to suppose has not been appreciated. Though giving Webster all due praise, certainly, in respect to his answer to the arguments of Hayne, Professor MacDonald concludes that, after all, he missed "the only vulnerable point of his opponent's position," which was, he goes on to say, "the failure to recognize the inevitable supremacy of the central Government, the inevitable subordination of the States in all matters over which the central authority had control, wherever such authority was not directly restrained by the letter of the Constitution" (p. 110). In supposing that Webster might have urged this point, it seems to the reviewer that something of the modern notion of evolution has been read back into the age of Jackson. That age was one in which men realized but little or not at all the "inevitable tendency"; one in which they concerned themselves much with the letter of the law, their eyes being steadily fixed upon what Burke might have called "rags and tags, and paltry blurred shreds of paper." It would hardly have strengthened Webster's position in his day, however it might have strengthened it in our own, to have used arguments that were not implicit in the Constitution. To fit the Union to the Constitution was what seemed both to Webster and to Calhoun to be the whole problem, different as were their respective interpretations of that Constitution; and their contemporaries were not yet prepared to listen to one who, like Lincoln, should speak of making the Constitution fit the Union. To solve all problems in the light of the Union as it was made, rather than in the light of the Union as it was making, was that pervading characteristic of which we have spoken—a characteristic which serves to explain much in the middle period, and one of which more might well have been made in the present volume.

All this, however, is a small matter, and if the coming volumes of the series measure up to the level of the one on Jacksonian Democracy, "The American Nation" will indeed have been a notable achievement.

A GERMAN VIEW OF MILITARY OPERATIONS IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The War in South Africa: the Advance to Pretoria After Paardeberg, the Upper Tugela Campaign, etc. Prepared in the Historical Section of the Great General Staff, Berlin. Authorized Translation by Col. Hubert Du Cane, R.A., M.V.O. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. Pp. vii., 374. With Maps and Illustrations. $4 net.

The object of the Great General Staff at Berlin in undertaking this history of the war in South Africa was the instruction of German officers, and the criticism which is embodied in this and the preceding volume, which was published in 1904, not only points out British faults and errors in tactics and manœuvres, but emphasizes what in the opinion of the Great General Staff ought to have been done in the situations which confronted the British commanders. While the book is written primarily for military purposes, it serves admirably as a history of the war for more general reading.

The authors of the work obviously regard war as a business, and a business always highly scientific. Consequently they adhere closely to what might be described as the business side, and ignore much that newspaper correspondents would dwell on. They tell the number of killed and wounded, with no sentiment, and no attempt to describe sufferings and horrors. But shortcomings in this respect, if shortcomings they are, are more than made good by graphic descriptions of the terrain; the clearness with which position of opposing forces is indicated; the careful balancing of the advantages and disadvantages of these positions, and the accounts of the engagements and their results.

These were the characteristics of the first volume, which was translated by Col. Waters, R.A. They are equally those of the second, which carries the narrative from the surrender of Cronje, at Paardeberg, on February, 1900, down to the flight of Kruger from Lorenzo Marquez, in September, 1900, and to the beginning of the guerrilla warfare which went on for a year and a half after there had ceased to be a permanent Transvaal Government or an organized Boer military force. This second volume contains the narrative of Lord Roberts's march from Kimberley to Bloemfontein; of Buller's desperate three months' campaigning on the Tugela before Ladysmith was relieved; and of Roberts's march from Bloemfontein to Johannesburg and Pretoria, as well as the story of the operations in the southeast of the Free State, of those to the northwest and southwest of Pretoria, and of those in the eastern Transvaal, between Middleburg and Koomatipoort, which immediately preceded Kruger's flight from Machadodorp, and Steyn's association with the guerrilla warfare in which De Wet, Viljoen, Louis Botha, Delarey, and other Boer commanders so long harrassed the British forces.

Except as regards Lucas Meyer there is throughout this second volume a tone of restrained admiration for the Boer commanders. Their tactics are at times as freely criticised as those of Buller or Warren; especially in the series of fights that preceded Buller's final success in relieving Ladysmith, they are criticised for not acting on the aggressive or for failing to follow up the reverses of the British troops. The Boer military organization, in its lack of discipline, and the easy conditions under which the men were held to service, does not, of course, commend itself to officers of a conscript army like that of Germany; but for the resourcefulness, the mobility, and the courage of the Boers, and for their ability to handle their rifles, the authors of this history make no attempt to conceal their admiration. "It was,"

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they write in a very brief résumé of the guerrilla warfare, "only the complete exhaustion of the Boers, the melting away of their forces, their want of clothing, ammunition, and food, the limitation placed upon their freedom of movement by the blockhouse system, and the destruction of their homes, which, after they had made a heroic fight of it, induced the commandos still remaining in the field to accept the British terms of peace."

Buller, among the British commanders, comes in for most criticism for his handling of the campaign in Natal. Each of his three failures to break through the Boer lines and relieve White is criticised in detail. In the fighting about Hussar Hill and Hlangwane, on the 14th of February, 1900, Buller refrained from pushing an attack on account of the great heat; and his conduct in this matter is contrasted unfavorably with that of Lord Roberts, who, on the same day, also in the burning heat, did a march of some thirty-two to thirty-four miles. According to the German conception this showed that Buller was wanting in energy; for "he could not, though in an extremely critical situation bestir himself sufficiently to call on his troops for a special effort." Roberts also comes in for some criticism; for the criticism which in this and the preceding volume is directed against British commanders who persistently avoided risks rather than have to report long lists of casualties. The occasion for the criticism of Lord Roberts was the engagement at Sand River, which was one of the episodes of the march from Bloemfontein to Pretoria. An energetic frontal attack was here necessary, according to German ideas of war; "but in this, as in *most* of the subsequent actions," write the authors, "was exemplified the frequently adopted plan of holding the enemy in front while an enveloping movement was in progress. The object in view was to cause the enemy to evacuate his position merely as a consequence of a threat on his flanks and rear—a procedure which, though it tended to the reduction of the 'butcher's bill' could never culminate in the delivery of a knock-down blow."

Again and again the British commanders are criticised for this caution. The criticism is no doubt in order from the German point of view; but political conditions and considerations at home could not be overlooked by the British commanders, and they are never likely to be overlooked so long as the people of England from whom the rank and file of the army are drawn have the power of making protests immediately felt in the House of Commons. The German critics are on safer ground when they condemn the too close adherence of British commanders in actual warfare to tactics which have been rehearsed at Aldershot, or on Salisbury Plain, or when they condemn commanders for detaching too many men from their divisions for protecting transports and supplies and other minor services. All this criticism, however, is expressed with much restraint. Most of it is in chapters specially devoted to criticism, and thus it does not detract from the value of the splendidly told narrative, even for readers whose sympathies were not with the Boers.

TWO RECENT NOVELS.

The Awakening of Helena Richie. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

A Discrepant World. By the author of "Through Spectacles of Feeling," "The Haggard Side," etc. New York: Longmans, Green, & Co.

Mrs. Deland's latest novel opens and proceeds with a firm tread which has not always characterized her larger books. At the same time the accustomed fine inlay work that marks all her dealings with Old Chester and its inhabitants is here peerlessly present. Here is her Dr. Lavendar at his richest; here the child David outdoing even her own admirable record in child portraits—a creation and a treasure. There is always in relation to the lovable Lavendar a haunting sense that he is at moments a thought too ostentatiously unprofessional. His superiority to cant is estimable and delightful, yet once and again he speaks as might a mathematician who did not believe in the efficacy of logarithms. But he is a fine old fellow. May Mrs. Deland never feel impelled to assert his mortality! It is with quite a pang that we find him in the present chronicle using a muffler and thinking "the seasons are changing." Yet great hopes lie in his maxim, "As soon as you feel too old to do a thing, do it." Dr. King and his wife, Martha by name and by nature, here stand out prominent human likenesses. The long-estranged Benjamin and Samuel, father and son, with "Sam's Sam" in the third generation at once a battle ground and a link, are modelled with great skill; such violent personalities that they might only too easily have been burlesques, under Mrs. Deland's moulding, they wear their exaggerations with positive dignity, even as in their long quarrel "the very lack of seriousness in the cause made the effect more serious." Helena Richie, the heroine, in her grace and sweet feebleness is as winning as the men-folk of Old Chester found her; and the history of her development under strained conditions is as little morbid and irrational as such a theme could well be.

Mrs. Deland has before this made laborious solutions of impossible problems. But her problem here though tangled is not unthinkable, and she has solved it in terms of high philosophy, deep religion and broad common sense. How did old Benjamin learn Helena's secret? She never knew. The reader can only wonder if it was by that searching look which is the subject of one of Mr. Clark's illustrations.

"A Discrepant World," sub-entitled "An Essay in Fiction," might be called, but for the correction of punning, a good many little essays embedded in fiction. The scene is a Scottish village; there is a real story; there are several real characters from a lord to a pussy-cat that purred "three threads and a thrum"; there are incidents as startling as a murder, and there are many deaths. Indeed, the reader asks if the mortality may not be caused by a lack of resource. The author puts his folk into promising dilemmas, then, like the heart in the madrigal, "cannot disentangle," and has recourse to nature's method—always ready. Fortunately, the story is told with nature's own simplicity, and the resultant for the reader is a vast cheerfulness in woe.

But when all is said, the essays, sentiments, and reflections which the story flecks are the thing, and a pithy thing. Pith, as we understand it, is a central and ultimate fact, but at the same time a slight, delicate, and fleeting affair. Several pungent pages are given to the matter of bringing a railway to a village; the questions of whether and where it shall be built, the heartburnings of the rival villages, the dark methods of the promoter, give chance for spicy paragraphs on bribery and corruption. The small field and close range of village dimensions are as a microscope. Through it larger affairs may be studied and yield admonition. The provincial way of "graft" illuminates greater operations. Even he who runs may read a lesson written in words of one syllable. The story, too, flows in one syllable with excellent definition for several characters and with many bright glints of wit and wisdom.

"Why they should have chosen the word 'natural' in Scotland to describe a person of defective intellect, it is for national pride to discover"; "A certain amount of shrewdness is not incompatible with hopeless mental incapacity"; "It is only the wise that are kind"; to an unwelcome visitor, "The sooner you go the more I'll think of your visit," give an idea of the writer's way of putting things. It is a way that suggests a pair of keen eyes looking out from under shaggy eyebrows, with a twinkle and a softening—not quite a tear.

Vues d'Amérique, ou La Nouvelle Jouvence. By Paul Adam. Paris: Société d'Editions Littéraires et Artistiques.

Paul Adam is the best fitted by temperament, probably, of all contemporary French men of letters to interpret to his compatriots the prosperity and power of the United States. He admires force for its own sake, without regard to its uses. Of martial ancestry, he aspired as a boy to a military career. During his young manhood he was desirous of becoming an explorer and colonist, and was at one time on the point of embarking for Australia. Indeed, it is his pet lament that circumstances have made him a man of thought instead of action. He wrote a eulogy of the anarchist assassin Ravachol, because, in his view, Ravachol symbolized the latent force of the downtrodden proletariat; and he threw himself heartily into the Boulangist movement because the general of the black charger symbolized force of another order. Among his best-known romances are a trilogy of "the marvellous wills" ("les volontés merveilleuses"), and a tetralogy glorifying the Napoleonic legend. The first number of this latter series, entitled "La Force," Jules Lemaître characterized as "the debauch of a scribe dazzled by the magnificence of material force." In other words, Paul Adam's admiration of force comes very near being a monomania. He early developed a great reverence for the United States, because of her uncommon display of force; and, long before he visited

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this country, he wrote admiring *chroniques* about our captains of industry.

"La Nouvelle Jouvence" is primarily an apotheosis of the force of America. Several Frenchmen who have written about this country during the last decade or two have observed the details of our life quite as accurately as M. Adam, who makes some natural and a few inexcusable blunders. But no Frenchman has succeeded in portraying so impressively the bigness of our civilization. Although satirizing some of our brutalities and idiosyncrasies, he insists that the very aspects of our life which many of us deplore as cruel or crude are not only not inconsistent with what is best in us, but are splendid expressions of it. He sings pæans to our skyscraper, which he holds to be the architectural symbol of our genius for synthesis, pronouncing it high art because it stands the test of his own formula: "L'art est l'œuvre d'inscrire un dogme dans un symbole." He believes that our painting and sculpture will ultimately be as successful in discovering their appropriate symbols.

Our speculators, small and great, are, it seems, poets. Says M. Adam:

> In America the wildest enterprises succeed because they attract the greatest subscriptions. They appeal more strongly than more conservative enterprises to the imagination of these feverish, adolescent crowds who want their risks to be recompensed in a fairy-like manner. If an unexpected proposition is launched by rash men already conquerors of semi-legendary obstacles which have been exaggerated by the press, national pride waxes hot for this undertaking which it loves to call "typically American." . . . Furthermore, if the prudent demonstrate that the affair in question has four hundred chances of disaster to twenty-five of success, this proportion, instead of discouraging the small speculators, procures them a formidable and delightful excitement. . . . Thus the zouaves of Magenta were kindled to heroism by learning that they were fighting one against five, and they captured the now famous line of rails. Every Yankee desires to be admired by his neighbors for "le courage à la poche." He desires it as our old soldiers desired to be commended for taking a flag, as our littérateurs desire to be applauded for having written an immortal work. The yearning for military and literary glory which used to set the hearts of our collegians beating was less enthusiastic, less delirious, less sincere than the yearning for financial triumph which sets vibrating the fibres of these Yankee citizens. . . . Like all heroes, these heroes are chasers of chimeras. They are poets.

"La Nouvelle Jouvence" has little of the classic simplicity and directness we associate with French literature. It is sadly lacking in unity and symmetry. It abounds, however, in suggestive passages; and when it is borne in mind that the volume is merely a collection of newspaper letters, supplemented by a report to the French Government on the "Æsthetic Evolution of the Present Time," the wonder is that it possesses as much unity and symmetry as it does.

Manual of Oriental Antiquities. By Ernest Babelon. New edition, with a chapter on the Recent Discoveries at Susa. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1906. Pp. xix. and 352. $2.50 net.

This is a reprint of Evett's translation of Babelon's little work, with the addition of a chapter on de Morgan's discoveries in Susa. Seventeen years ago Babelon's "Manual of Oriental Antiquities" furnished a welcome summary of what was known about the antiquities of Hither Asia. It was, as the writer himself described it, "a modest abridgment" of the four volumes of Messrs. Perrot and Chipiez, dealing with the architecture, sculpture, and industrial arts of Babylonia, Assyria, Persia, Syria, and Asia Minor. The theory at the bottom of Babelon's treatment of his theme was that in the old Eastern civilizations, which antedated the civilization of Greece and Rome, "only two streams of artistic influence are really to be traced—that which rises in Egypt and that which issues from Assyria." At places these were combined, as in Phœnicia and Judæa, but in general the art of Hither Asia was Assyrian in origin; and "leaving Egypt on one side, it is the Asiatic, or, more strictly, the Chaldæo-Assyrian stream, that we have undertaken to study exclusively." The last seventeen years have profoundly changed our views with regard to Oriental history and archæology, and a volume dealing with the antiquities of Hither Asia which was timely seventeen years ago, and abreast of the information then existing, is hopelessly out of date to-day. It is just seventeen years ago that the University of Pennsylvania commenced its excavations at Nippur. These, with the later French excavations at Tello, the American excavations at Bismya, and above all the extensive and long-continued excavations of de Morgan at Susa, have carried back our knowledge of history and art in the Babylonian field some two thousand years, and greatly modified our conceptions of the origin and development of Babylonian civilization. The systematic excavations of the Germans at Babylon and Ashur in the last ten years have further added largely to our knowledge of the art and architecture of later periods in Babylon, especially of the period of Nebuchadezzar. It is precisely during the last seventeen years, the period not covered in the body of this volume, that the principal work has been done in the field of Babylonian and early Assyrian exploration. Indeed, so far as Babylonia is concerned it may be said that until within the last seventeen years no scientific and systematic excavations had been conducted at any Babylonian site.

Similarly in Palestine scientific excavations commenced seventeen years ago, with the first exploration of Tel Hesy by Flinders Petrie. That was followed by the excavations of Bliss at the same site, at Jerusalem and various points in the Shephelah, of Macalister at Gezer, Sellin at Ta'anach, and Schumacher at Megiddo. While no architectural monuments of great importance have been laid bare at any of these places, much light has been thrown on the origin and early development of civilization in Palestine, on culture-practices and domestic art. In particular the development of the ceramic art in Palestine has been traced, and its history so written that we are to-day able to date antiquities by the pottery remains found with them, whereas seventeen years ago absolutely nothing was known about the pottery of Palestine, and we might even say that nothing was accurately known about its antiquities.

Within the same seventeen years falls a considerable portion of the discoveries in Egypt affecting the earliest periods, which are of peculiar importance for comparison with the earlier Babylonian and Susian remains, or which throw light on the relations existing at various periods between Egypt and Palestine and other Asiatic countries. Within the same period fall the discoveries in Crete which have thrown an interesting side light on the general field of Oriental antiquity, confirming conclusions obtained from other sources, that the history of ancient Eastern art before the time of Greece and Rome is by no means so simple as Babelon imagined. We now have knowledge of the existence of ancient and apparently independent civilizations of which no one even dreamed seventeen years ago. To use only one illustration, the French excavations at Susa and the American excavations at Nippur revealed in some of the lowest strata a civilization characterized by a high development of the ceramic art. The pottery of that early period is more nearly akin in color and design to the pottery found in the Ægean regions than to any pottery belonging to the latter strata in Babylonia or Persia. For some reason unknown to us, this civilization was destroyed, and the art of making this pottery altogether lost, so far as the East was concerned, somewhere apparently before 3000 B. C.

The only recognition of recent work in Hither Asia and of the important discoveries made in recent years which we find in this volume is the additional chapter, already referred to, entitled "Archæological Discoveries at Susa." To retain the body of the book unchanged and merely add this supplementary chapter was but to patch an old and worn-out garment with a new piece at the bottom. (Unfortunately, by the way, the new piece is not of very good material, even although it is new.) This added chapter only makes more evident the need of a revision or rewriting of the whole work.

Industrial Efficiency: A Comparative Study of Industrial Life in England, Germany, and America. By Arthur Shadwell. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $7 net.

This work presents the results of an investigation into the conditions of efficiency in international competition for the markets of the world. Although commenced before the outbreak of the present (shall we say, late?) fiscal controversy in Great Britain, it deals with the fundamental problems involved in that discussion, and should prove of interest to all the disputants, without reference to the views they may entertain concerning tariff reform. The author undertook systematic researches in leading centres of the textile or metal industries in England, Germany, and the United States, and supplemented personal observation by a careful study of the usual printed sources of information. The results of his labors, here presented in attractive form, show him to be a shrewd observer of men and affairs, who has cared more to gather facts than to spin theories about them. The "advocacy of reforms" he declares to be no part of his present purpose, believing it "a more than sufficient task to ascertain a few facts with approximate accuracy." "I have sometimes thought," he remarks, "that

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something of the kind might, perhaps, be a useful preliminary to reforms; but that view has never been popular, and I do not press it."

An introductory chapter deals with the difficult and dangerous subject of national traits, American, German, English. If our author has little that is new to say upon the topic, his remarks are always intelligent and occasionally illuminating—as is his distinction between "saving time" in the United States and "saving trouble" (p. 20). Then follow valuable chapters upon the chief industrial districts of the three countries under consideration. The American reader will learn much from Mr. Shadwell's vivid pictures of industrial conditions in Germany and England; he may learn even more from the striking account of the manufacturing towns of New England, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Ohio, and Illinois. We venture to reproduce a description of scenes in our American "Black Country":

If Pittsburg is Hell with the lid off, Homestead is Hell with the hatches on. Never was place more egregiously misnamed. Here is nothing but unrelieved gloom and grind; on one side the fuming, groaning works where men sweat at the furnaces and rolling-mills twelve hours a day for seven days a week; on the other, rows of wretched hovels where they eat and sleep, having neither time nor energy left for anything else. Nor is there anything else for them to do if they wished. I was not surprised at the English workman who told me that if any one would give him five dollars a week he would go home and live like a gentleman in—the Black Country. Five dollars a day are no uncommon earnings at Homestead, but they are dear at the price. The output is enormous and there is an appearance of great efficiency, but such industrial conditions as these are not stable. The human element demands recognition and will obtain it.

This general description of the three countries and their working people is followed by a dozen or more chapters upon factory laws and conditions, hours of labor, welfare institutions, housing, wages and the cost of living, pauperism, social conditions, trade unions, and education—elementary and technical. Although not always of equal value, these discussions are the most important portion of the book. With a keen eye for what is essential and typical, Mr. Shadwell undertakes a series of international comparisons which must challenge the attention of all students of modern industrial problems. Dealing with large subjects and covering a wide field of observation, his work cannot be always accurate, and sometimes fails to strike far below the surface; but no writer, so far as our knowledge goes, has ever essayed the task with greater success. Some German investigators might have gathered more statistics, and cumbered their pages with more footnotes; we can think of French writers who could have delighted us with more dazzling generalizations; some American economists have dealt well with certain aspects of these questions; but we recall no one who in breadth of view and genuine insight can compare with Mr. Shadwell.

The conclusions offered in the final chapter are intended chiefly for English readers. That England has been overtaken by Germany and the United States, and is in danger of being outstripped in competition for the world's markets, is the fact which is at the bottom of the fiscal controversy. Mr. Shadwell shows clearly that the difficulty is far more deep-seated than the tariff-reformers imagine, and is due to the simple fact that Germany and the United States have worked harder and worked to better purpose. While he is disposed to concede—mistakenly, we think—that some aid may be derived from retaliatory tariff duties, he lays chief emphasis upon the necessity of a general industrial awakening from slothful habits induced by the great prosperity of the past. Of such an awakening he is already able to see many signs. The English nation, he believes, has not lost its energy; and Necessity will prove an efficient, if hard, teacher. "For these," he concludes, "and the like reasons, I think we may rely on the steady pressure of economic conditions to correct the functional disorder brought on by repletion in a still healthy body, but not yet advanced to an organic disease." To this end, such a work as Mr. Shadwell's will contribute not a little.

The Electoral System of the United States. By J. Hampden Dougherty. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. $2 net.

As a basis for a proposed amendment to the Constitution, Mr. Dougherty has prepared a comprehensive historical sketch of the working of our system of electing the President and Vice-President, from 1789 to the present day. Most Americans who have reached or passed middle life are well aware that the defects of the system entailed serious danger in the election of 1876, and a few besides United States history pupils in the schools could name two other elections involving considerable trouble; but Mr. Dougherty's book will very rarely find a reader to whom the aggregate of difficulties because of these defects will not come as a surprise. The details of this sketch cannot even be summarized here, but it should be said in passing that their relation is increased in value and constantly enlivened by apt quotations from the leading statesmen of the time, as each difficulty arose. As to the Electoral College, the author is hardly correct in saying that it quickly lost the attribute of independent judgment which it was intended to possess, for in no single case from the very beginning did it ever attempt to exercise such judgment. The existence of a foreordained candidate for the first two terms took away the chance for even a temporary trial of a theory which could in no event have survived Jefferson's organization of the anti-Federalist elements into a coherent body. By one of those annoying slips which occasionally escape even the most careful, a statement on page 135 exactly reverses the political complexion of the Senate and House portions of the Electoral Commission of 1877.

Constructively, Mr. Dougherty would eliminate the Electoral College root and branch, as not only useless, but potentially harmful as well. The ratio of State representation in the choice of the President he would leave as it is, but in the allotment of votes to the respective candidates he advocates a radical change. Public opinion has long ago declared against election by Congressional districts, and, even if it had not, it would be unwise to adopt that method because of the premium which it puts upon gerrymandering. The present method of allowing a mere majority to carry the entire electoral strength of a State is too great an incentive to fraud when, as in New York in 1884, the whole contest hinges upon the outcome in one close State. And both the district and State methods, our author urges, are objectionable in the absolute futility which they entail upon the ballot of every minority voter. Divide the Presidential votes of each State, then, he urges, in absolutely mathematical proportion to the total number of ballots cast in the State by each contending party, and thus give each individual voter the satisfaction of knowing that his ballot has exercised a positive and definitely calculable effect on the result, when it shall be finally declared.

Mr. Dougherty has great faith in the educative influence of this consciousness of positive effect in the casting even of a minority ballot—a faith so great, in fact, as to suggest the wheedling leadership of a pet theory rather than a careful study of human nature. The average voter considers only the general result, and, if defeated there, it is small consolation to him that he had something to do in making up the electoral minority. If the proportional method were applied to the election of Congressmen in each State, the boon to the minority would at once assume a positive value, but Mr. Dougherty's proposed amendment does not extend to Congressional elections. Space forbids the details by which he would eliminate the defects and dangers of the present system of certifying and counting the Presidential votes, and provide safely against all possible mishaps in the succession. He is obliged to admit that he is baffled when it comes to the question of competitive returns from dual State governments, and unfortunately that is just the point at which the most dangerous crisis has arisen. His suggestion that a State under such circumstances might by general regulation be deprived of its right to participate, loses sight of the fact that in an era like the Reconstruction period it might put a heavy premium on the setting up of rival State governments. If the volume helps to arouse interest in the subject, both in Congress and out of it, the author will deserve sincere gratitude. Unquestionably a revision of the Constitution at this point is needed, and it can come only through the arousing of general interest.

Idola Theatri: A Criticism of Oxford Thought and Thinkers from the Standpoint of Personal Idealism. By Henry Sturt. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1906. Pp. xvii., 344.

When Bacon dubbed "Idols of the Theatre" the favorite fancies of the philosophic schools, he was doubtless indulging his sly humor with the suggestion that the solemn personages who expounded them were only acting a part, strutting about their petty stage and mouthing their technical bombast in order to impress spectators unable to distinguish illusion from reality. Now the spectators, for the most part, are content to watch the play and to enjoy the illusion, but there are always some among them who are so stage-struck

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as to desire in addition to go behind the scenes, and it is to these that Mr. Sturt offers himself as a competent and willing guide.

In philosophic matters, the Oxford "theatre" is one of the oldest, largest, and most noted in the world. And so, though it does not always possess the best actors nor produce the most stirring pieces, it cannot but be interesting to watch its performances and to make the acquaintance of its chief performers. For the past thirty years, the Oxford play called "absolute idealism" has occupied its boards, and Mr. Sturt has set himself to explain, and perhaps to explode, its vogue. He takes his task very seriously, and does his work very thoroughly. He shows us everything behind the scenes, with the most pleasing zeal—the green room, the adapters of plays, the prompters, the properties in all their hollowness, nay, the very rouge-pots. They are very terrible fellows, these Oxonian sages, when you come to understand them, and the play they are engaged upon is something quite appalling, nothing less than the systematic suppression of Truth! To effect this, they have recourse to a trinity of errors, yclept Intellectualism, Absolutism, and Subjectivism, all fused together into one great "Passive Fallacy," which, nourished by the unhealthful, segregated lives of over-specialized students and "the anti-practical spirit fostered by the close out-of-the-worldliness of an ancient seat of learning," ignores the activity in the human self, and the personality which, as a voluntarist and the whilom editor of 'Personal Idealism,' Mr. Sturt is anxious to see recognized. Of the triple forms taken by this fundamental fallacy, intellectualism, which in Hegel rises to "panlogism," is the oldest and most important, and expunges the volitional side of personality; absolutism denies the validity of personality altogether (p. 18); and melts down all things mystically into the One. Subjectivism, lastly, if held consistently, would culminate in solipsism, and so (though it is not made quite clear) prove incompatible with activity, like the others.

Mr. Sturt proceeds to trace out the ramifications of these fallacies in all their details, patiently, lucidly, readably, but inexorably. He takes his examples from F. H. Bradley (who is complimented with the lion's share of the criticism), T. H. Green, and Professor Bosanquet, though he sometimes refers also to the lesser lights, and adds a chapter on German idealism (mainly on Hegel). His criticisms are always telling and often unanswerable, and even where they seem somewhat deficient in profundity they generally get home. Indeed, it is quite amusing to watch him tackling one of the terrible tangles of vague thinking and obscure writing which occur so frequently in his victims. Instead of puzzling such things out and getting himself confused in the process, his practice is simply to suggest that the meaning must be something quite commonplace and intelligible, and to pass on his way. Now one may feel morally sure that the writers criticised did not mean anything as despicably simple as the meaning Mr. Sturt attributes to them; but it is still more certain that they will never succeed in refuting him by making clear what precisely they did mean. And so a hasty world will probably compel them to dance to his tune, by taking them to mean what he says they mean; nor will this be an altogether undeserved reward of their studiously cultivated obscurity.

There is, however, one secret motive vital to the understanding of the philosophic situation in Oxford which Mr. Sturt has not dragged quite out into the daylight, and that is the theological. German idealism, as Mark Pattison was wont to point out, was originally imported into Oxford in the interests of obscurantist clericalism, as an antidote to the wave of naturalism which swept over England in consequence of the great scientific movement of the nineteenth century. Kantian "categories" and Hegelian dialectics had indisputable advantages in combating science, in that they disported themselves on treacherous ground unfamiliar and unintelligible to the ordinary scientific worker, on which he blundered and stumbled and could easily be afflicted with a show of defeat. And indirectly also this fashion of philosophizing could serve as a protection to theology, in that it might drive the human mind to admit intrinsic difficulties and mysteries in its secular thought, compared with which those of the Athanasian Creed paled into insignificance. And like those of theology, these mysteries of the higher truth were safe from the intrusions of the vulgar. But latterly it has dawned even upon the less discriminating theologians that their alliance with Hegelism did not yield them what they wanted; that an Absolute was not a God, that the thesis, antithesis, and synthesis of Hegel were not an unexceptionable deduction *à priori* of the Trinity; that "idealism" left no room for any real personality, but rendered freedom an illusion and immortality a despicable craze. Thus the three great Kantian "postulates" are all rendered nugatory. And, on the other hand, as in Germany sixty years ago, the "left wing" got the upper hand in the Hegelian school itself. Its literary exponents, from F. H. Bradley downwards, are more or less openly anti-clerical, though none has attained the candor of the Cambridge Hegelian, Dr. McTaggart, in avowing himself an atheist. It is no wonder, therefore, that the theological alliance is tottering to its fall, and that Oxford theologians were found willing to contribute to 'Personal Idealism,' though they will find it hard to trust the religious instincts of man sufficiently to commit themselves to a frankly empirical philosophy accompanied by a psychological theology. It is quite intelligible, however, that Mr. Sturt should have preferred to glide over these aspects of philosophy, which it is so hard to deal with in an outspoken manner.

What, now, we may ask in conclusion, is the effect of Mr. Sturt's work on our estimate of Oxford philosophy? Has he uprooted or decapitated it? Hardly that, though he may reduce the swelling of its pride, and do much to check its obfuscations for the future. For despite the scrupulous urbanity of his tone, he manages to convey a very distinct impression that the days of its dominance are numbered, that it cannot stand translation into plain English, that it is wofully lacking in originality, and shockingly uncongenial to the native bent of the British mind, which is groaning under the abstruse dogmas made in Germany and laboriously purveyed by "Anglo-Hegelian" imitators. In what direction, then, shall Oxford look? There are many signs that her next fashion will be Transatlantic. The philosophic movement known as "Pragmatism," which is by far the most important and original contribution of America to the history of thought, has already taken as strong root in Oxford as anywhere in Europe. Nay, it has already bettered its name by there calling itself "Humanism." And even if "Anglo-Hegelianism" should continue to linger in the cloistered seclusion of Oxford, this would only show once more that Oxford was still content to play the rôle of a home for lost causes.

Mr. Sturt's position in this matter of pragmatism is not quite easy to unravel, mainly because his own positive convictions are very slightly sketched. He calls himself a personal idealist, but in practice he is hard to distinguish from a common-sense realist—to whose views, by the way, their manifest pragmatic value should restore much of their lost prestige. He is indubitably a voluntarist, but he is hardly a thoroughgoing pragmatist. Indeed, he somewhat suspects pragmatism of the taint of subjectivism (p. 142), even though he immediately gives the right answer to this charge by suggesting that the apparent "making of reality" is mainly a methodological conception. There can be no doubt, however, that, as an inside view of the present state of philosophy in Oxford, Mr. Sturt's work is worthy of all commendation. And in condensing so much and such crabbed material into so interesting a form he has achieved a considerable feat. His book deserves to be read, and doubtless will be.

How Ferns Grow. By Margaret Slosson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1906.

Full-grown ferns have naturally attracted to their study enthusiasts of all sorts, who have described more or less accurately the graceful as well as the stately fronds. Many of the writers have indicated the clear relations which these survivals of a remote geological past bear to our existing vegetation; and the more interesting story of the birth of a fern has been many times well told by writers on popular science, who have been almost bewitched by the surprising double life of the plant in its earliest days. But, so far as we are aware, no one has hitherto devoted, as the present author does, a whole book to a readable account of the youth of ferns.

It is a familiar fact that innumerable species of plants undergo strange metamorphoses during their early life, that is to say, during the days which elapse between the seedling stage and the dawn of maturity. Some of these metamorphoses are so strange as to baffle belief. For instance, there is a New Zealand tree, called *pseudopanax ferox*, which, shortly after sprouting from the seed, becomes a straight, unbranched stem with drooping leaves, each more than a foot long. These leaves are thick and rigid. Every leaf has a notched margin with hooked teeth "capable of inflicting a severe wound if incautiously handled." The straight stem is thirty feet high, and presents the appearance of a staff on which small scimitars are hung.

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Between the ages of twenty and thirty years the simple stem begins to branch at the apex, and the branches at once bear short ordinary leaves which are erect instead of pendent, and would hardly attract attention from any singularity. The old sword-like leaves all fall off. Here then is a case of prolonged youth. Of course, this is an extreme example, but there are thousands of other plants which exhibit marked peculiarities during the stage of development referred to. Professor Robert T. Jackson, well-known on account of his studies in regard to fossils, has published an interesting paper concerning certain of these metamorphoses, and he has pointed out some reasons for believing that these striking and sudden changes in form may throw light on the ancestral line. In this way, it is sometimes possible to gain more than a hint as to the early history of a species or genus.

Now, although ferns do not possess true seeds (but "spores" instead), they pass through stages which are comparable to the early stages of the seed-plants, and it is these early but not the very earliest days which the author considers. With great pains she has studied the various metamorphoses and has recorded in good photographs her interesting results. The transformations are all well shown by the engravings, but she has supplemented these engravings by clear text. It is to be regretted that through no fault of her own the nomenclature is open to criticism, but aside from this matter of names, the book can be heartily commended. No one must expect to find in it such descriptions of species as would enable the reader to determine the indentity of a given specimen; the work is chiefly for the use of those who care to watch the marvellous manner in which ferns spend their youth. It is to be hoped that the author will continue her studies in other fruitful fields and bring before us the results of careful investigation.

String Figures, a Study of Cat's-Cradle in Many Lands. By Caroline Furness Jayne, with an ethnological introduction by Alfred C. Haddon. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $4.50 net.

The author of the introduction to this altogether original book is lecturer in ethnology in Cambridge University, England; an enthusiastic explorer, possessed of the art of inspiring others with the interest that he finds in the study of savage life. He was a member of the British Association excursion to South Africa in 1905, and whiled away many hours of the abundant time on the voyage by teaching those who cared to learn some of his curious tricks, so that the group which gathered round him on deck came to be known as "Haddon's string band." The year before, on the occasion of one of his visits to this country, when his interest in Australasian savages was for a time replaced by the pleasure of making acquaintance in Philadelphia with some of our most civilized Americans, he initiated his new friends into the mysteries of the wild-cat's cradles that he had learned in the Far East; and the most expert of his disciples took up with his suggestion of visiting the St. Louis exposition for the purpose of learning from the various tribes there gathered such new figures as they might know. A fascinating book on "String Figures" is the result; an admirable piece of work, from the charming frontispiece to the accurate index. Of the ninety-seven string figures here presented from many parts of the world, seventy-one are described for the first time, some from the Caroline Islands in the Pacific being contributed by Dr. William Henry Furness, 3rd, brother of the author, and all being set forth with the minuteness and precision that might be expected from the daughter of the editor of the "Variorum Shakspere." Practically every position of the fingers taken in making each of the ninety-seven figures is separately illustrated, with the result of introducing 867 outlines of graceful hands and twisted strings.

A monographic work of this kind has a value quite independent of the small inherent importance of string figures, which represent merely the light pastimes of savages. The value of the book comes from the faithful portrayal of the figures, as examples of savage customs. The figures are, like the details of basketry ornamentation and the various methods of arrow release, facts in the natural history of man, and as such deserve patient study. That these trifles, in the opinion of experts, are well worthy of observant attention is shown by the liberal measure of space given to the methods of studying and recording them in the ethnological section of a recent German manual for explorers, prepared by Professor von Luschan of the great Ethnological Museum in Berlin. But besides professional ethnologists, there are two other classes of readers who may well give attention to Mrs. Jayne's book. Of one class are those who find enjoyment in novel and gentle ingenuity; and for these we can well imagine that "String Figures" will be an entertaining companion on the summer porch or by the winter fireside. Their friends will at first laugh at such trifling; then they will say, "Do that figure again, won't you?" and the next moment they will be asking for another loop of string, to have a try at the figure themselves. A good example for beginners to practise on is the Apache "Door"; another, somewhat more difficult, is the "Many Stars" of the Navajos, in which a very peculiar twist is introduced. "A Rattlesnake and a Boy" of the Klamath tribe will require more patience, as twenty-five cuts were found necessary to give it full illustration.

Of the other class of persons who should learn at least half-a-dozen string figures are intending travellers in distant lands, even though they be mighty hunters of big game; for a few string tricks will not only enable one to discover any new figures known to such savages as may be met with in the wilderness, but the exhibition of the tricks will serve admirably, as is known by experience, in introducing one's self to the good graces of simple and somewhat mistrustful folk. With the incentive to the cultivation of this amusing art that so excellent a book must give, it is to be expected that much material for a second volume will be gathered in a few years. To all who come upon novel patterns, we urge that their discoveries should be sent, with as full detail of native methods as possible, to the writer of "String Figures."

The Personality of Jesus. By Charles H. Barrows. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25 net.

There are books on the founder of Christianity one can dismiss without ceremony, wordy paraphrases of the Gospels with a bit of Josephus here and there, mediocre homilies on texts from the evangelic tradition purporting to constitute a "Life of Christ." There are others, though not so many, which require attention and command respect as serious and conscientious endeavors to interpret the personality which has so dominated the Christian centuries. When a man of evident culture, who finds frequently a phrase of Plato or Pascal ready to his hand, sets out with reverence of purpose and enthusiasm of affection to declare the secret of the Master of his heart, we cannot hurriedly dismiss his work even although we find on the first dozen pages that he suffers under severe limitations. This is the case with Mr. Barrows. His book is far too good to toss aside: it is reverent, thoughtful, original at many points, and of a certain winning graciousness that accords well with its subject. Yet as a portrayal of the personality of Jesus it is well nigh a failure, and one closes its pages with the feeling that one has witnessed a tragedy, having seen a man face a noble and mighty task in brave spirit and with many of the essentials of success, and yet for lack of one essential accomplishing nothing.

Mr. Barrows essayed a task in history, and took no pains to be an historian. True, the subject requires something more than skill in historical research. The supreme requirement is just that warmth of religious feeling, that purity and fire of faith, which attract one in this essay. But if sympathy with the religious message be a necessity, the historian's skill in sifting evidence and arriving at facts is still primary and fundamental. It has become a commonplace that the founder of the Christian faith is known only at second-hand, that his parables and sermons have come down to us only through the medium of friendly tradition. One may hold the tradition to be good and reliable, and still the necessity remains of going behind what the believing community of disciples a generation or so after *thought* Jesus said and did to what Jesus actually said and did on the hillsides of Galilee. When Von Ranke was asked why he wrote such good history, he replied it was because he went "behind the documents."

Because Mr. Barrows has failed to do this, but concluded rather at the outset that appreciation of the gospels is "ground upon which the learning of the schools gives no particular advantage," blunders thrust themselves into his chapters with sad frequency. He asserts that Jesus was a Rabbi, evidently following the title used in the fourth gospel and ignoring the testimony of the Synoptists that Jesus was regarded as a carpenter, the son of Joseph, and that he forbade the Rabbinic title in his little society. Again following the fourth gospel, the author places the cleansing of the temple at the opening of the ministry, and maintains that there was a "clash of wills" between Jesus and the Baptist, passing in silence over the deep spiritual sympathy between the

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two. As to faith in a future life, we find the assertion that "at the right time there did come in, to sustain his faith, and like a sort of heat lightning below the horizon, the consciousness of his power to rise even from the dead" (p. 80). Historical criticism shows that confidence in his power over death was an enthusiasm of Jesus, animating his hope and courage, and thrilling him with expectation. It was never "below the horizon," but flashed constantly before his eye as he spoke of the Son of Man returning on the clouds of heaven.

In short, this essay sketches the Christ of the Church, let us say the Christ of the most vigorous and devout Churchmen, but it does not sketch the Christ of history. It contains a reverent examination of Jesus from the point of view of modern psychology and modern piety; it has not one word of Jesus as the successor of Amos and Isaiah, the opponent of Pharisaism, the poet who applied to himself the terms of the materialistic dreams of his countrymen and made them spiritual and divine. The author has done as well as any one could be expected to do without the aid of criticism; his failure is a demonstration of the need of criticism, not only of its right to be, but also of its necessity for the answering of questions which faith is bound to ask.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

A Guide to Paris. Brooklyn Daily Eagle. 15 cents.
Call, William Timothy. The Little Grammar. Hawthorne, N. J.: C. M. Potterdon. 50 cts.
Clinton, George and James. Letters of George Washington. George H. Richmond.
Benton, Myron B. Songs of the Webutuck. Poughkeepsie, N. Y.: The A. V. Haight Co.
Bitting, William C. The Ministry of the Eternal Life. Philadelphia: American Baptist Publication Society.
Burkett, Charles W., and Clarence H. Poe. Cotton. Doubleday, Page & Co. $2 net.
Burrage, Champlin. The True Story of Robert Browne. Henry Frowde. 2s. 6d. net.
Crouzet, Paul. Maîtres et Parents. Paris: Armand Colin.
Davis, Charles Gilbert. The Philosophy of Life. Chicago: The D. D. Publishing Co.
Dickerson, Mary C. The Frog Book. Doubleday, Page & Co. $4 net.
English Catalogue of Books, 1905. The Publishers' Weekly.
Flaubert, Gustave. Salammbô. Edited by E. Laurière. Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.
Fry, Sir Edward. The British Academy. Henry Frowde.
Gautier, Théophile. Trois Grotesques. Edited by H. J. Chaytor. Henry Frowde. 2s. net.
Gordon, William Clark. The Social Ideals of Alfred Tennyson. The University of Chicago Press. $1.50.
Hart, Albert Bushnell. Slavery and Abolition. Harpers. $2 net.
Harvey, Richard Selden. A Hand-Book of Corporation Laws. The Bleyer Law Publishing Co.
Hugo's Notre-Dame de Paris. Edited by Léon Delbos. Henry Frowde. 3s. 6d. net.
Keen, W. W. The Services of Missions to Science and Society. Boston: American Baptist Missionary Union.
King, Henry Churchill. Letters to Sunday-School Teachers. Boston: The Pilgrim Press. $1 net.
Knuth, Paul. Handbook of Flower Pollination. Translated by J. R. A. Davis. Vol. I. Henry Frowde. 21s. net.
Lamartine, A. de. Jocelyn. Edited by Emile Legouis. Henry Frowde. 3s. net.

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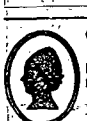

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